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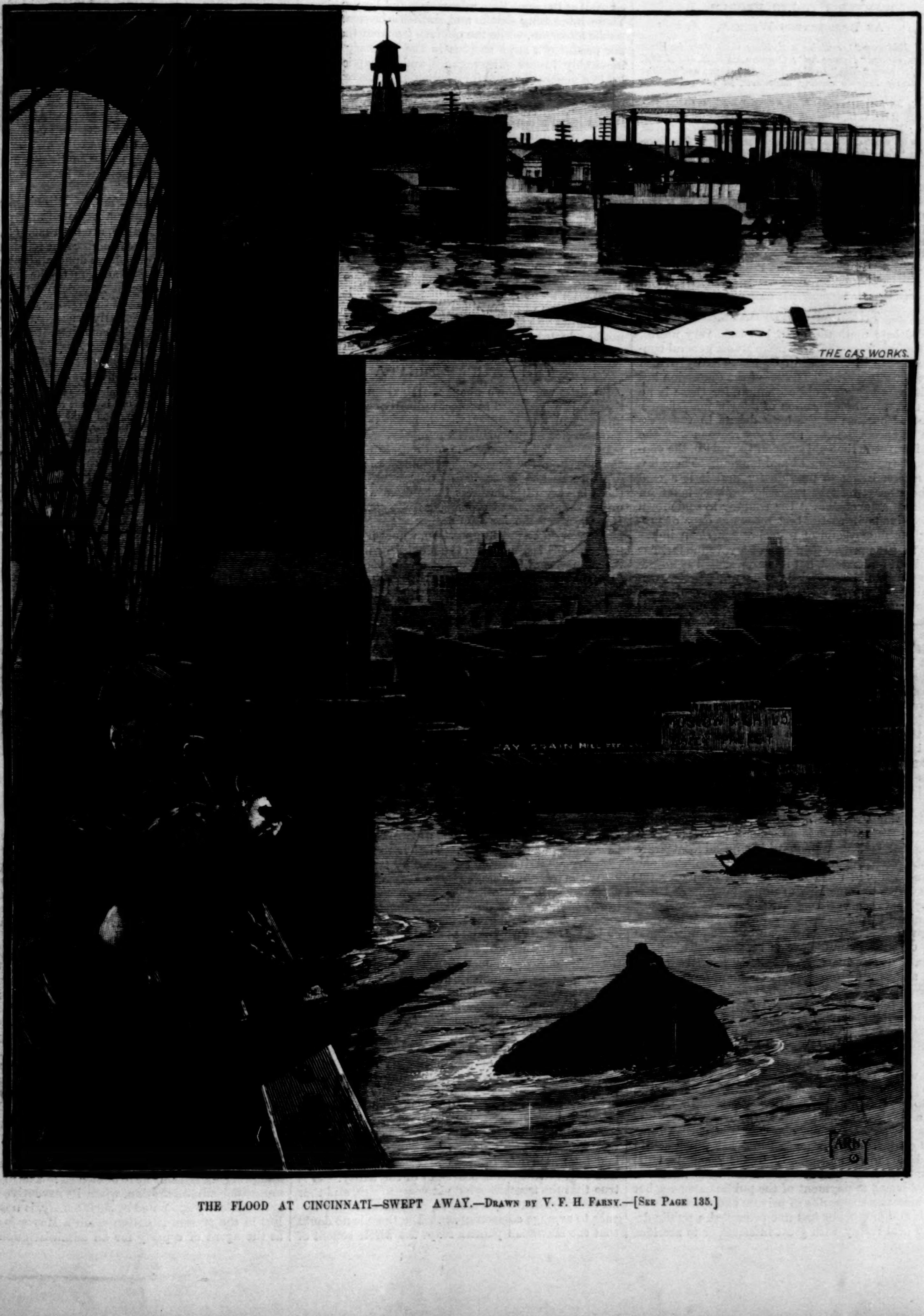

THE FLOOD AT CINCINNATI—SWEPT AWAY.—Drawn by V. F. H. Farny.—[See Page 135.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 27, contains a thrilling short story by ELIOT McCORMICK, *entitled "Pawnee Joe"; Chapters XXVIII. and XXIX. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; *and another one of Jimmy Brown's exciting adventures, in connection with "Traps."*

There is an interesting article on "Bible-Reading," by the REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D., *that will appeal to parents as well as to little folk;* MR. JAMES PAYN, *in the "Peril and Privation" series, contributes an account of that terrible marine disaster, "The Burning of the 'New Horn.'" The boys will be greatly interested in "A Boy's Skating Match."*

The artists represented in this Number are W. A. ROGERS, THULSTRUP, MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, J. O. DAVIDSON, E. J. MEEKER, W. L. SHEPPARD, *and* HOWARD PYLE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	Per Year	$1 50
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THE TARIFF DEBATE.

THE debate upon the tariff has been very useful, although from the first there was a general conviction that neither party in Congress really wished to take definite action. The use of the discussion has been its effect upon public opinion, for there is no doubt that the whole question of a tariff tax is better understood because of the long debate in Congress and in the press. There are many reasons why the actual interest in the subject upon the part of the general public seems so limited and languid. There is a great national debt to provide for, and it is agreed that the money must be raised by indirect taxation. Tradition has accustomed the country to some form of protective tariff as the best means at once of providing the money and of fostering American industry, so that the proper principle of a revenue tariff is not only ill understood, but it is represented as hostile to American interests, and therefore unpatriotic. Under this policy great vested interests have grown up, and however unsound their basis may be, any sudden and radical change would be an injustice. These interests affect members of Congress like all other citizens, if not directly, then through their constituencies; and it is observed that Representatives, of whatever views, are exceedingly loath to lessen the protection of the special manufacturing industries of their districts. Moreover, the larger interests maintain powerful agencies at Washington to watch and work, so that a great tariff debate is merely a keen conflict between rival interests to secure their own advantage, rather than an attempt to provide for the payment of the expenses of the government by a tax wisely and equitably laid upon the whole body of citizens.

The advantage of the recent debate is that it has revealed this situation more clearly to the country. It is evident that there is no general principle of adjusting the tariff tax upon which its advocates are agreed. Thus the duty upon lumber is abolished one day and restored upon the next, and obviously the action is due to some kind of understanding or "log-rolling" between various private interests, and is not determined by public considerations. The duty upon foreign books is stricken out, and that upon the material of book manufacture is retained. This is, of course, a discrimination against domestic industry. Good statesmanship, which is common-sense, would require that taxes under a tariff should not be laid in contravention of their declared purpose of favoring American industry. A glimmering of this truth was presently vouchsafed, and the tax upon the foreign manufactured product was restored in a modified form. The tariff also lays a tax upon foreign pictures, which is a foul blow at American art, because by no possibility can a tax upon the works of RAPHAEL tend to produce an American RAPHAEL, while, should such a RAPHAEL appear, the tariff, by excluding the master-works of his art, obstructs the development of his genius. The discussion also has undoubtedly helped to show more clearly to the general public that much of the money derived from the tariff tax is not devoted to payment of the public expenses, but only increases the profits of private enterprise.

This enlightenment has not prompted a public desire to deal rashly with great interests, or to sacrifice American industry to doubtful theories. But it has unquestionably shown the fallacy of many of the arguments upon which an inequitable system of taxation has been maintained. The first and chief argument for that system, which is by far its most powerful plea with the country, is that a change of principle in laying the tariff tax would expose the highly paid industry of America to an unaided competition with the ill-paid labor of Europe, in which the American workman would be reduced to the level of the foreign pauper. But this involves a discussion of the real conditions that determine wages, and the facts upon this point that have been elicited during the discussion have been very striking, and are widely pondered. If in many protected industries wages are lower than in unprotected industries, it is plain that other reasons than protection must be found for high wages. And if protection enhances prices, which is its necessary result, it reduces the purchasing power of wages. It can not at the same time raise wages and lower prices. These interesting details and statistics have arrested public attention, while the obvious fact that the tariff tax produces a large surplus in the Treasury which inevitably fosters extravagance and corruption, has led to a general demand for a reduction of the revenue. That this demand will be satisfied is not clear, and that if a change in the tariff tax should be made it would leave it a more inequitable impost than at present is not impossible. But whether any change should be made or not, and whatever the change might be, there is no doubt that the country has gained a clearer conception of the true principles of tariff taxation. Politically it would be a serious blunder for the Republicans who control Congress to adjourn without providing the relief which a Republican President has recommended. Party policy requires that the Republicans shall provide such relief, and throw upon the Democrats the responsibility of delay and opposition. But as the session ends it is becoming a question whether some system of graduated "horizontal" reduction of the revenue, by diminishing the rate of all duties by a specified rate per cent. annually, may not be adopted.

THE MEXICAN TREATY.

So little was known about the Mexican treaty, although it was alleged to affect radically certain great interests in this country, that Senator WINDOM did good service in procuring its publicity. A few facts may throw light upon some of the reasons and special objects of the treaty. The Southwestern system of railroads has Mexico as its objective point. But there is very little business to be done with Mexico unless some means of promoting trade can be found. If, now, a scheme for stimulating sugar-growing in Mexico could be put in operation, whoever controlled the railroads leading from the Mexican cane fields to the refineries of St. Louis could repeat upon a larger scale the achievements of CLAUS SPRECKELS under the Hawaiian treaty. He buys his sugar in the Hawaiian islands, refines it in San Francisco, and sells it at the same price which is charged by other refiners who use only duty-paid sugar. The enormous profit between the prime cost and the sales price goes to the Hawaiian planters, of whom SPRECKELS himself is the chief. Those profits are made at the cost of the people to whom these sugars are sold at a profit of perhaps $7 per barrel, while a fair profit, such as our refiners realize, would be twenty or thirty cents per barrel.

There can be only one price for sugar in the United States, and that is the cost of importing the duty-paid sugars, which form the bulk of our supplies. All sugar, wherever produced, and whether it has paid duty or not, sells at the same price, quality considered. Thus Mexican sugar would sell at the same price as Louisiana sugar, and that sells at the same price as foreign sugar of equal quality, which pays two and a half cents per pound duty. That is to say, all buyers of sugar pay a price enhanced by two and a half cents, the present average rate of duty, which it is not proposed seriously to lower. The proposed Mexican treaty admits free of duty Mexican sugars of refining grades. This would give a bounty of from two to two and a half cents per pound to all Mexican sugar-planters, which would yield a profit of fully fifty per cent. upon the cost of production. This would stimulate the production enormously, and to that extent diminish the revenue, for the benefit of Mexican planters.

The present high duty is maintained for the benefit of the Louisiana planters. On every barrel of refined sugar costing $20 the intrinsic value is $12, and the $8 represents the enhancement of cost by the tariff. The weight of this burden is suggested by Senator FRYE'S remark the other day that in some parts of the country the family expenditure for sugar is greater than that for flour. The Louisiana sugar-growers are fellow-citizens, and share the common responsibilities and burdens of the government. But why should so heavy a tax upon a prime necessity be laid for the benefit of Mexicans? That is the question suggested by this provision of the treaty. It is true that the treaty has but six years to run, and that all commercial treaties must be considered with reference to average compensation. But there is no doubt that the Hawaiian planter reaps the whole benefit of the exemption of his sugar from duty, and the Mexican planter would enjoy the same advantage upon a much larger scale. It is a bounty paid to foreign producers at the expense of American consumers, which is certainly the least defensible kind of protection. But it is a kind that would be very agreeable to the lucky railroad which should control the traffic. The Senate has done wisely in publishing the treaty, which can now be fully and intelligently discussed.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE proper enforcement of the civil service reform act depends wholly upon the President, and there was very great and general interest to see what his course would be. The selection of the Commissioners was sure to show his feeling and purpose, and every sincere friend of reform perceives with the greatest pleasure that he has given the most conclusive evidence of his entire good faith. He has intrusted the supervision of the reformed system to its friends, and in so doing he has done what he can to assure the successful operation of the act.

It must be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. EATON that upon the passage of the bill, in the preparation of which he took so important a part, his name was universally and instinctively mentioned as that of the man especially fitted for the position of Commissioner. No man has greater knowledge of the subject, no one has devoted more thought to it, and he has the great advantage of a long and friendly acquaintance with the President, with whom he will be brought into close official connection.

His colleagues, Mr. GREGORY, of Illinois, and Mr. THOMAN, of Ohio, the latter a personal and political friend of Senator PENDLETON, are both men of ability and distinction, and sincere friends of the reformed system. The President could have done nothing which would more closely commend him to the respect of the great body of intelligent American citizens than his action upon the subject of this reform, to which he was not believed to be especially friendly. His command of that respect will be complete, if the view of the special correspondent of the *Herald* shall prove to be correct. In announcing the nominations of the Commission the correspondent says:

> "The plain meaning of these nominations is that the President puts the execution of the new law into the hands of its friends, with the strong desire that they shall make it successful. It is well known that he approves of the law, and it will be found that in important nominations hereafter to be made he will conform to the spirit of it, and give that aid and countenance to the labors of the Commissioners which will help them to its successful administration. He has the determination to do all in his power to separate the business of the government from mere partisan politics. Although he makes fewer professions than some of his predecessors, it is well known here that no President for many years has so constantly discouraged mere office-seeking. Nor have any of his recent predecessors so carefully administered the government on business principles, dealing with the subordinate places to be filled from a business and not from a mere partisan stand-point."

THE EDSON CHARTER.

ONE of the most difficult and harassing of political problems is to devise a government for the city of New York which shall be simple, efficient, economical, and satisfactory. There is probably no great and important nominally self-governing community in the world which has so little knowledge of its own government, and so little respect for it, as the city of New York. The general feeling of the most intelligent citizens is that no effort is of any use, and that the most reasonable and honest endeavor, like the Citizens' movement of last autumn, is sure to be baffled by the bargains of other intelligent citizens, who are also warm partisans, like the leading Democrats, who last November deliberately "made a deal" for the municipal government. The conduct of Mayor EDSON in making his appointments was universally condemned as a total surrender to Tammany Hall, which is the familiar head-quarters of city misrule, jobbery, and corruption. But, notwithstanding this, the Mayor has prepared a charter which is, upon the whole, and with certain modifications, the best charter which has been suggested for the actual situation in the city.

The vice of the city charters generally is a diffusion of responsibility until it is lost. This of course is the object of knaves in preparing such an instrument. The virtue of the EDSON charter is that it concentrates and defines responsibility. It gives the Mayor power to appoint the heads of departments, and to remove them under certain conditions. This is the central idea of the charter. It makes the Mayor a very powerful officer, and individually responsible to the citizens for the government of the city. It grants, in fact, an enormous power. But it is not for that reason to be opposed if it be properly guarded. The necessary restraint is not to be sought, however, in such a body as the Board of Aldermen, which in no just sense represents the people of New York. A decent and honorable man may sometimes be found in that body. But the wonder in regard to such an Alderman is that of King GEORGE about the apple and the dumpling—how came he to be elected? The history of municipal administration, when its executive agents are practically appointed by such a body, is notorious. But in the present situation when a Mayor is elected as the agent of a party for an administration of af-

fairs into which party considerations do not naturally and can not properly enter, the result of absolutely unrestrained power would be to aggravate and extend every kind of party abuse; and as the Election Bureau, with all other municipal affairs, would be under his sole direction, and as the result of the election in the State often depends upon the returns in the city, it is of the highest public importance that every reasonable safeguard be provided against the possible abuse of the power.

This restraint is to be found in proper barriers against a partisan misuse of the power, and to this end the whole body of subordinates should be appointed solely upon proof of merit and fitness, and the heads of departments should be appointed only after due public notice of such intention, and removed only after similar notice and fair hearing. This is substantially what Mr. EATON suggested to the Legislative committee, and Professor DWIGHT proposed that the new powers should be intrusted only to a Mayor who should be elected after the adoption of the charter, and he thought also that there were some departments which should have more than one head. The EDSON charter, with proper modifications of the kind that we have mentioned, would be an admirable instrument; and as complete irresponsibility and partisan abuse run mad have been tried with disastrous results, it is now the part of wisdom to try a municipal system of concentrated and well-defined responsibility, and great but wisely restrained executive power.

DRAM-DRINKING IN NEW YORK.

AT a meeting of prominent citizens the other evening it was resolved to make another effort to lessen the public temptation to drunkenness in New York. The Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church has been very active in this movement, and Mr. R. GRAHAM gave some statistics at the meeting which are worthy of consideration.

In the city of New York there are 10,075 liquor stores, or one to every 125 inhabitants. Of all arrests made in the city, 63.05 per cent. are for drunkenness or for disorder produced by drunkenness. In one block in the Bowery, out of seventeen houses, there are eleven which are used as saloons, and fifteen of the eighteen members of the Board of Aldermen are in the liquor interest. The meeting resolved to call a public meeting at Chickering Hall to urge a reduction in the number of liquor shops, and the enforcement of the law forbidding the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards.

It is only by such steady persistence in well-doing that the cause is advanced. Those whose reflection upon the subject is exhausted by the assertion that people will drink, and that you can't help it, misstate the fact, because there are many ways in which you can help it. The account of the result of permitting universal free drinking in Switzerland which we recently published shows conclusively how much may be done by judicious regulations to diminish excessive dram-drinking. Those who assert that you can't make people virtuous by law also entirely mistake the enterprise on hand. It is not proposed to undertake that work, but, by making public drinking more difficult, to lessen its extent. If you can't make people virtuous by law, you can by law diminish the temptation to drink and the opportunity. This is the humane and perfectly feasible purpose which the meeting and the movement are intended to promote.

A PITIFUL CALAMITY.

THERE could be no more pitiful story than that of the catastrophe in the Fourth Street Roman Catholic parochial school, nor any guilt more obvious than that of the authorities, whoever they may be, who allowed seven hundred children to be daily immured in such a trap as the school building, with its narrow and winding staircases, its passages scarcely a yard wide, and its flimsy stair railing, proves to have been.

Among these appalling disasters by fire, which are fast becoming a national disgrace, this one is the most sorrowful because of the tender age of the victims. No tale so heart-rending has been told for many a day. It is a ghastly satire upon adults who undertake to direct the education of children that the children perish horribly from the want of the most obvious care in providing for their accommodation. Those who would stuff a crowd into a Black Hole are not fit to teach hygiene, and those who would so neglect the plainest precautions as necessarily to imperil hundreds of young lives are not fit to have any care of children.

This terrible event should lead to a thorough inspection of all the public-school buildings, to make them really secure at any expense, and it should be made a criminal offense to build any school which is not a fire-proof building. Fire-escapes are of little use in any crowded building. It must be fire-proof.

THE SIGNAL OFFICE.

THE letters printed in the *Congressional Record* by Mr. BELTZHOOVER in regard to the Weather Signal Office have naturally excited general attention. His speech substantially accuses General HAZEN of a misuse of funds appropriated for the service of the bureau by devoting them to procuring a factitious expression of public favor toward keeping the bureau under military control. General HAZEN, in reply, without a direct and specific denial, declared the charges to be due to the malevolence of a discharged employé, and he asked the Secretary of War to request a Congressional investigation. The Secretary very properly replied that the question raised by the charges was not the efficiency of the Signal Bureau, but the fidelity of certain officers of the army connected with the Bureau, and that that was a question for a military court of inquiry.

General HAZEN demurred, and renewed his request for a Senatorial investigation on the ground of a pending proposition to transfer the bureau to the Interior Department. To this the Secretary in an admirable letter rejoined that it would be unbecoming in any department to suggest to either House of Congress how to pursue its inquiries. But as the conduct of officers of the army was questioned, and as General HAZEN agreed that there must be an investigation, if General HAZEN himself did not demand a court of inquiry, the Secretary would advise the President to summon one.

Neither in the letters published by Mr. BELTZHOOVER nor in his correspondence with the Secretary of War does General HAZEN appear to advantage; and it will not be easy for him to show how money appropriated for the work of his bureau could be properly applied to pay the expenses of an agent to produce an apparent expression of public opinion.

THE LAND LEAGUE AND THE ASSASSINATIONS.

IT is unjust to hold a country or a people responsible for the crimes of individuals, and although the London *Times* insinuates and a Tory lord implies that Mr. PARNELL and the Land League may have supplied the money for the assassination plot in Dublin, something more than shrugs and hints will be necessary to show that men like JUSTIN MCCARTHY and MICHAEL DAVITT connive at the most dastardly murder.

The tragedy of the foul crime in the Phœnix Park is not so much that a dozen or more brutish men should be found among Irishmen willing to commit a murder at once so atrocious and so useless, as that assassination should be deliberately organized in Ireland against the members of a British government which is honestly and conspicuously friendly to Ireland. Among all Englishmen, none have shown a more sympathetic and sincere desire to relieve Irish injustice and distress than Mr. FORSTER, and Mr. FORSTER was designed to be the first victim for whom the knife of Irish assassination was sharpened. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT have proved in a hundred ways their good-will to the Irish people, and it is they and the Government of which they were members who have been most fiercely denounced as tyrannical and oppressive.

They have not, indeed, advocated absolute Irish independence. But if every Englishman is to be treated as a deadly enemy to Ireland who does not accept the policy of the Irish "irreconcilables," nothing but relentless civil war can ever settle the difference between the islands. The Land League, we are confident, can not be held responsible for the ghastly acts which the examination at Dublin has revealed. Yet the League and its orators have been too willing to make appeals and to point to conclusions which might be readily perverted by ignorant, passionate, and criminal adherents. O'CONNELL never permitted himself to be misunderstood. He was content to wage a peaceful agitation. He denounced any other kind. Young Ireland, on the other hand, meant war if necessary, and did not conceal its purpose. The Land League has lacked a masterful control, and it is inevitably discredited by crimes of which it was doubtless innocent. Hereafter when Irishmen living in this country are asked to give money, let them have self-respect enough to insist upon knowing for what purpose the money is given. It is shameful to think that American gifts may have promoted the wanton murders in the Phœnix Park.

GEORGE DAWSON.

WITH a great funeral, and with a great concourse of mourners who were not near Albany, GEORGE DAWSON was buried, and over the grave of no "newspaper man" could more general and hearty sorrow be breathed. He was a man of strong, sturdy, simple, and affectionate nature; of unwasted enthusiasms and cheerful faith; a warm-hearted, high-minded, upright, and generous boy at seventy. A printer and editor and publisher, sagacious and faithful and efficient; a courageous and independent citizen; in his own Scotch word, a "winsome" comrade; honest and most modest—he will be remembered not only with respect, but with affection, by those who saw him little, and who did not intimately know him, but who could not meet him without recognizing a genuine man.

PERSONAL.

THE already magnificent picture-gallery of Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, is about to be enlarged by an addition, fifty-five feet long and thirty-four feet wide, which will take the place of the present *aquarelle* room. The wall spaces behind the pictures are to be covered with silk stuff in tapestry colors, and the frieze above them will show an arcade in carved and costly woods. Directly behind the present gallery, and opening from it, a conservatory of iron, with walls of colored tiles, is to be erected, the dimensions being thirty-six feet by twenty-two. When these improvements are completed, the visitor who stands in the bay-window of the drawing-room on Fifth Avenue and looks thence across that room, across the hall, across the picture-gallery, and across the conservatory, will have a superb view one hundred and fifty feet long.

—The late Professor ATWATER, of Princeton College, was a man of such commanding physical proportions as might have entitled him to membership in the Club of the Titans. He had the knack of keeping order in the class-room by impressing his students with a profound respect for his possibilities as a disciplinarian. One look out of his penetrating and unimpassioned eyes was sufficient to quell the first inclination to mischief on the part of the boys. His administrative capacity was the admiration of the business men among the trustees of the institution. Of late years he was often spoken of among the faculty as the probable successor of President MCCOSH.

—The readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be delighted to learn that a new serial story by their favorite author Mr. JAMES OTIS is to begin in the next number of that paper, published March 6. The story is called "The Raising of the 'Pearl,'" and narrates the adventures of a party of boys who, under the supervision of a genial old sailor, succeed in pumping out and raising a steam-yacht that had been sunk off the coast of Florida, and afterward make a cruise in the recovered craft, meeting with thrilling adventures. It is finely illustrated by W. P. SNYDER.

—Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has nearly finished the conclusion to his novel, *Fortune's Fool*, for which the readers of an English magazine have been waiting. We understand that the novel in its complete form was sent to the magazine and paid for before its first part had been published. But the author, having had a new idea with respect to the termination of the story, asked for the return of the last pages of his MS., and when he had received them proceeded to rewrite and multiply them. Unfortunately the new MS. never reached its destination, and Mr. HAWTHORNE thinks that it must have been lost in the mails. As soon as he could overcome his disappointment and vexation he began for the third time the conclusion of the novel, which will be forwarded to London in a few days.

—The Rev. Dr. MURDOCK, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, says that there are 500,000 professing Christians in India, 300,000 in Africa, 80,000 in the Society and Philippine islands, 50,000 in China, and about 5000 in Japan.

—Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE, of the United States navy, has embarked in the business of building ships, after seventeen years' experience in commanding them. To have been only a lieutenant-commander for so long a time as that is, he declares, "not calculated to make an ambitious man contented with his lot."

—According to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., Parliament has a far greater proportion now than formerly of members whose only claim to political distinction is the possession of large wealth, so that the history of England offers another of the many instances in which the growth of democratic institutions has been accompanied by the retrogression of democratic principles.

—King HUMBERT of Italy rides in the streets of Rome in a T-cart, and is his own driver. When his Queen is with him, the royal pair appear in an unpretentious victoria without the usual escort of soldiery.

—The street-cleaning contractor in the first district of New York city estimates that to keep all the streets of this town as clean as Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-second streets is kept by private persons would cost $6,000,000 annually.

—The Rev. Dr. G. H. HOUGHTON, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as the "Little Church around the Corner," has long befriended the most unfortunate among his fellow-men. No one, he says, whatever his or her life may have been, is ever refused attention or relief when applying to that church; and this fact, he adds, must have been known to the sacrilegious thieves who recently stole from the chancel some pieces of the communion service.

—"As a landed proprietor," says Prince BISMARCK, "I do all in my power to support the observance of Sunday, but I would not have people legally compelled to keep the day rigidly. There ought to be no ordinary work on Sundays; and I think so not so much on account of the Scriptural command, but because men must have time for proper repose."

—The following telegram was sent from this city to Baireuth on the 17th of February: "To Frau RICHARD WAGNER: The New York Philharmonic Society hereby expresses heart-felt condolence, and mourn a loss so irretrievable." It is one of very many of similar import from this side of the water.

—The latest biography of WILLIAM PENN describes those earlier Cavalier days of the "founder of Pennsylvania" when he gave offense to some honest souls by the "vanity of his French garb, and his affected manner of speech and gait."

—A new translation of what CTESIAS, the Greek historian, wrote about ancient India recalls to a reviewer the opinion long ago expressed by LUCIAN that CTESIAS "wrote about India and its inhabitants what he neither saw himself nor heard from the report of others"—a charge sometimes made even against some modern historians.

—Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, before leaving for England, was honored with a reception in the parlor of a church in Philadelphia. "I have known nothing," she said, "during the last thirty years, save the struggle for human rights on this continent. If it had been men who had been disfranchised and denied their legal rights, I believe I should have devoted my life precisely as I have."

—Our esteemed contemporary the London *Athenæum* describes Mr. ELIHU VEDDER, the author of the masterly cartoon of "Samson" in HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, as "a BURNE-JONES, DELACROIX, and LEIGHTON rolled into one, with a dash of Mr. W. B. RICHMOND."

—A Zulu king, says a late writer, must have fallen very low indeed when he has to listen to such language as one of the chiefs is reported to have held to CETYWAYO. He informed the restored monarch that, having come back with his hands clean, it was to be hoped that he would keep them so. The chief would probably insist on judging for himself of the condition of his sovereign's hands, and acting accordingly. It is manifestly impossible for an English government to put a Zulu chief on the throne and support him there, and yet let him govern according to the old barbarous methods.

—In a recent lecture in Boston Mr. JOHN KELLY began by announcing that "it is a natural curiosity that prompts us to inquire what our grandparents were."

—Of Mr. W. HAMILTON GIBSON'S *Highways and Byways*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, the London *Academy* says: "Fancy to yourself a THOREAU, who has read both DARWIN and RUSKIN, and who has learned to use the pencil of BIRKET FOSTER; to this add the finest workmanship of the American school of engraving, and all the luxury of the richest paper and the clearest type, and you may form some idea of the handsome book before us. At first it attracted only by the rare delicacy of its drawings, which reproduce with unrivalled truth the exquisite tracery of vegetation, and the 'ebon and ivory' of Nature's shadows. A good example of this may be seen on the cover. But when we discovered that the artist is also the author, we began to read, and we found ourselves unable to stop till we got to the end. . . . We feel that we have here, far more than in most American books, a genuine product of the soil."

—A colossal statue of bronze, nine feet high, will be erected in one of the public squares of Boston in honor of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. The work has been intrusted to Mr. OLIN L. WARNER, of this city, who undoubtedly will give us something as fine in its way as the FARRAGUT statue by Mr. ST. GAUDENS.

—The burning of the old Havana steam-ship *Morro Castle* at Charleston, South Carolina, recalls her eventful voyage from Havana to New York in the winter of 1872, when she was under command of Captain THOMAS S. CURTIS, now of the *Saratoga*. A terrible storm, amounting almost to a cyclone, swept the ocean, and the stanch ship was tossed about like a cockle-shell on the tremendous seas. It was almost impossible for the passengers to keep in their berths, and many of the ladies were tied to the sofas in the main saloon as the only means of procuring them rest. To add to the terrors of the storm, the supply of coal began to run low, and Captain CURTIS resorted to the device of burning sugar to keep up the furnace fires. The passengers knew afterward that he had little hope of saving the ship, but during the storm he was always calm, self-possessed, and cheerful. On the fourth night of the storm the writer of this paragraph remembers that he came into the cabin about twelve o'clock, and announced that in two hours the Highland lights would be visible. It seemed incredible that he should know this, for since the beginning of the storm he had run by dead-reckoning only. But at two o'clock a commotion on deck called up every one who was able to stand, and there were the two lights, which some of us had never hoped to see again, gleaming dimly through the storm. The passengers will always hold in grateful remembrance the name of him whose courage and good seamanship brought them safely home through that perilous voyage.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW.

A faint tapping could be heard as from the interior of one of a number of eggs that lay recently in one of the compartments of an artificial incubator in Madison Square Garden. The annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club was in progress, and the incubator was one of its chief attractions. An attendant who heard the call from the interior of the shell tapped on the exterior in response. A bit of the white shell fell away. A tiny yellow beak pushed its way through the opening, and was followed by a fuzzy ball of pale yellow mounted on two deeper yellow legs. The new-comer blinked at the strong light in the Garden, said "Good-morning" to a world of poultry shows and competition for prizes, cocked its head saucily, and looked with a mingled air of astonishment and disgust at the shell from which it had just emerged. With a spiteful little kick, the old home was discarded forever by the stripling, who then set itself to making the acquaintance of others of its kind, who had entered into this vale of tears after the same fashion. A half-hour later it was watching as curiously as were the throng of spectators about the incubator another chicken make its advent into the world. The actual conversion of egg into chicken was as great a curiosity to it as to the thousands who watched the process day after day during the continuance of the exhibition.

"Queer, isn't it? Raised for the market, I suppose," remarked a broker, who was an interested spectator. Every one turned to look at the chicks. The little fellows, to sympathizing eyes, seemed awe-stricken. Their anxiety was seemingly relieved when a fancier remarked: "Hardly, sir. They're from choice eggs. From hens with pedigrees as long as those of any of your race-horses. A year from now you may see those little fellows proudly occupying coops over yonder, and competing for silver cups or money sweepstakes. When incubators first came into use, they were used exclusively for raising chickens for the market, so as to give your New York epicures spring chickens and broilers all the year round. Fanciers have found it possible, however, to raise chickens by this artificial method just as strong, healthy children are raised on the bottle. It's a great invention; helps the farmer and fancier to make money more rapidly than they could otherwise. Besides, you see, it saves 'wear and tear' on the hens. They don't have to waste their time sitting, and can keep at their legitimate business—laying eggs." The advocate of artificial breeding led the way to a coop of huge Cochins. As tenderly as his wife would handle her babe, he took from the coop a handsome cockerel. "Weighs twelve pounds, and is not quite a year old," he remarked. "Handsome, isn't he? Was marked 95 points out of a possible 100 by the judges, and has been rated even higher at former shows. He was raised in an incubator, and nursed by an artificial mother. I used to raise all my exhibition birds in the natural way; now I use the artificial method principally. The results seem to be as good in one way as in the other. That invention makes chicken-raising with profit a possibility, and saves us a deal of trouble."

Had a wild cock and hen from India or Java, the progenitors of the domestic fowl, been introduced into the Garden last week, they would hardly have recognized their descendants in the improved or evoluted chicken. The cackle and crow would have had a somewhat familiar sound, but there the resemblance would have ceased. In character and plumage there would have been as wide a difference between the wild and the domestic fowl as between the Puritan fathers and their gay descendants who make Boston a fashionable as well as a cultured city. The Puritan crops out occasionally in the honest farmer of Eastern Massachusetts, and the peculiarities of the Puritan chicken, so to speak, are reproduced in two of the hundreds of recognized fancy breeds. One is the red-pyle game, the other its reproduction in miniature, the red-pyle game bantam. The progenitors would be found to occupy a position between the two in size, and more modestly clothed with plumage. Could the parent birds of all domestic fowls think as they saw their descendants, ranging in size from the tiny strutting bantam of a pound weight to the huge Brahmin of fifteen pounds, they would at once, and unquestioningly, accept as true the theory of evolution. They would also be very proud that their descendants were such handsome creatures. The perfection of comb and wattle; the regularity and beauty of hackle, wing, and tail feathers; the graceful top-knots of the French and Polish breeds; the sweeping leg feathers of the Asiatics—all the results of inter-breeding—would fill their hearts with as much pride as do the rich and showy costumes of a little one at a children's carnival the hearts of their parents. The disarranged and generally disorganized plumage of the frizzles, which seems to be determined to grow the wrong way, and the lack of tail feathers in the rumpless, would as certainly give rise to the New England cackle, "How shiftless!" as would the sight of the bantam the query, "Have we evoluted backward?"

The exhibition was a breeders' triumph. The perfection of desirable qualities in a fowl—beauty of form and color, solidity of flesh, and egg-producing qualities—seemed to even the practiced eye to have been attained in the Plymouth Rocks, the Cochins, Brahmins, Leghorns, and Spanish. Perfection of plumage and pride was reached in the crested Houdans and Polish, the pugnacious games, and the snobbish bantams.

No less attractive than the poultry, and no less perfect, from a breeder's stand-point, was the exhibition of pigeons. The English carrier, with its curiously wattled head and beak; the pouter, with its balloon-like neck often expanded with air until the curious protuberance rivalled in size the body of the bird; the jacobins and nuns, with hoods of feathers; the fan-tail, with its never-resting but always-swaying head and neck and wealth of snowy-white, fan-like tail feathers; the yet more restless tumbler, with its curious predilection for somersaults; and the fragile ring-dove, with ring of black set into the pure white or soft dove-color of the neck plumage—combined to form, even in the setting of rough cages, a picture of unusual beauty.

Years of labor have been necessary to produce in their perfection the marked characteristics of each class of poultry and pigeons shown. Especially is this true of the pigeons where mating and matching to procure some abnormal growth is a work carried through a series of years, the mere thought of which would be sufficient to appall the novice who would undertake to produce like results, or equally successful ones in another direction. Is it a wonder, then, that rival fanciers, when interviewing judges, sometimes assume such a warlike aspect as that given by our artist to the birds themselves who are rival competitors for honors?

SKETCHES AT THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW.—By Culmer Barnes.

ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

In a cemetery near Windsor this verse of Holy Scripture appears on a head-stone beneath the name of a man who died, advanced in years:

Behold, I come as a thief.

Given thus without any context the first suggestion is that the deceased says to the passer-by, "Behold, I come as a thief!" One requires some time and some thoughtfully to take in the object of this epitaph, if one may call it so, which is, doubtless, to act as a warning to those now living, as we may suppose it once acted to the dead man at our feet.

A Mr. Charles Lamb, not the Elia with whom and for whom we have laughed and wept, sleeps beneath an epitaph of which even the authors of the words of comic songs might be ashamed:

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap bang.

Great grief was caused to an aged widow by the refusal of a clergyman to allow her to have inscribed the lines which her husband had written for himself:

Here lies at rest from earthly wars
A sergeant of the 8th Hussars;
He lies confined in narrow borders,
Here to wait till further orders.

Here is an inscription in the burying-ground of St. Peter's Church, near Broadstairs:

In memory of Mr Richd Joy
(called the Kentish Samson),
who died May 8, 1742,
aged 67.

Herculean Hero, famed for strength,
At last lies here his breadth and length,
See how the mighty man is fallen!
To death ye strong and weak are all one,
And the same judgment doth befall
Goliath great as David small.

Richard Joy is likened to Samson, Hercules, and Goliath all in a breath.

Who will not wonder at and admire the skill, the originality, of the genius whose brain furnished him with the means of putting into verse the sad event which he has thus recorded?

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided;
But ere the wedding day arrived
She sickened and she died dead.

After this instance of a poet's ingenuity in overcoming the exigencies and difficulties of rhyme, it may be as well to point out how another genius did not overcome but evaded similar difficulties. The following appears in a church-yard in Devonshire, and Devonshire men pride themselves on their indomitable energy and pluck:

Here lies John Meadow
Who passed away like a shadow.

N.B.—His name was Field,
but it would not rhyme.

A puzzling epitaph—puzzling because either the lady was very thin, or the bung-hole unusually large—is the following:

In memory of
John Collins and Mary his wife
She } died { May 1st. 1791, } Ætatis { 74
He } died { Aug. 19th. 1797, } Ætatis { 78
Also the children of John and Ann Collins
George } born { Feb. 4th. 1794, } died { March 2nd. 1796
Martha } born { Sept. 27th. 1791, } died { Aug. 1st. 1800

'Twas as she tript from cask to cask
In at a Bung-hole quickly fell
Suffocation was her task
She had no time to say farewell.

Ann Collins died Sept. 11th 1801 Ætatis 49.

NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.

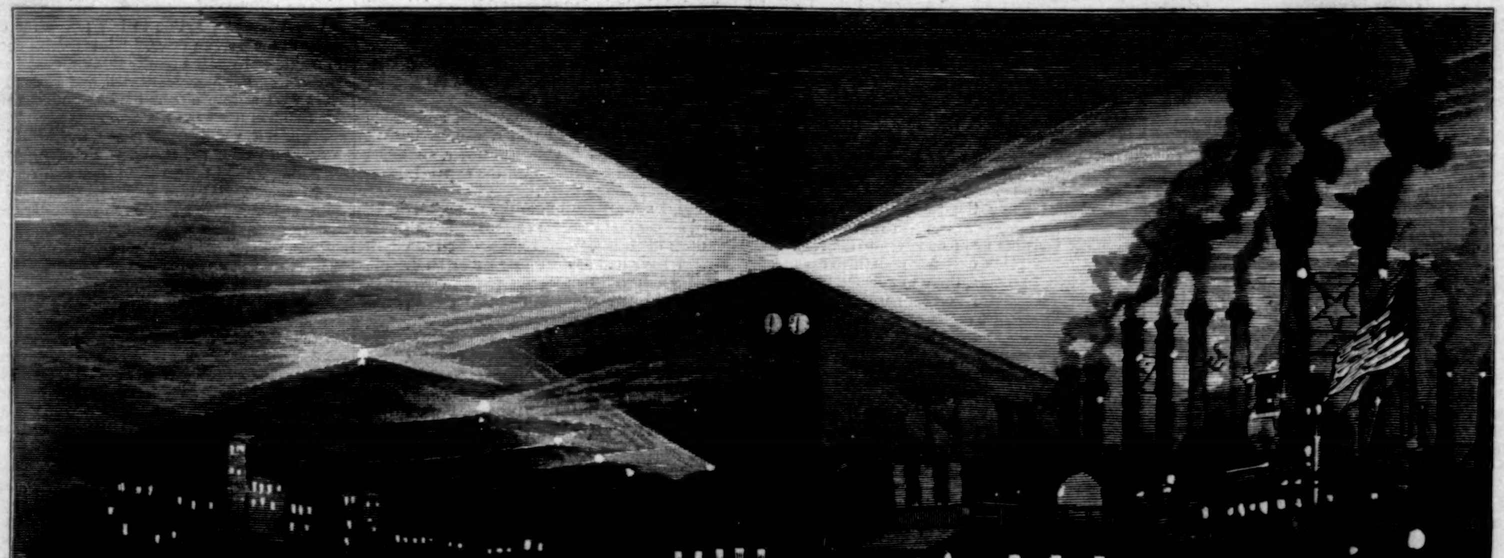
The broad levees which protect the city of New Orleans against the assaults of the Mississippi are crowded day and night by picturesque and motley throngs of people, representing every phase of sea-faring and river life. The scene is bewildering to a stranger; and our artist, who has endeavored to convey a pictorial idea of it, confesses that he was at a loss to know what to choose from the amazing variety of incidents and characters that passed in a continually changing panorama before his eyes.

Even by night the levees present scenes of bustling activity. New Orleans is far ahead of most Northern cities in the use of the electric light. Even dingy back streets and narrow alleys are illuminated by its powerful rays, and it is not uncommon to find the brilliantly lighted globe of glass swinging in front of some picturesque tumble-down shop, which doesn't look as if its whole stock would be valued at more than a hundred dollars or two. As many portions of the city, especially the older streets, are wonderfully picturesque and quaint, the electric illumination produces effects which are nowhere else observable.

Along the levees the electric lights are suspended in rows from high poles, affording a broadly diffused light, by means of which the business of loading and unloading the ships, steamboats, and other craft is carried on with as much facility as by day. Some of the globes are variously colored, to designate different localities. Our artist made his sketch on a clear night, in order to show the busy scene to the best advantage, and convey an idea of the extent and variety of the work carried on after sunset along the river-front; but there are nights when the heavy sea-fog comes sweeping up, like a gray wall, obscuring all the shipping and enveloping the levees. The effect is then wonderful. Everything wears an uncertain, weird, and ghostly appearance. Doré would have revelled in these scenes, where he would have found subjects for his pencil as marvellously quaint and picturesque as in any of the older portions of Paris or London.

What her great dikes are to Holland the levee is to New Orleans. Without this enormous embankment, fifteen feet wide at the top and extending for two hundred miles above and fifty below the city, her streets would be subject to inundation every spring. The author of "Hudibras" described Holland in humorous verse as "a country that draws fifty feet of water," where people "do not live, but go on board." The description might have applied in some degree to the New Orleans of earlier times; but engineering skill and a judicious outlay of money, applied to the construction of the levee, and an extensive system of drainage, have made it one of the most healthful and pleasant cities of America.

SUNRISE ON THE LEVEE.



A LEVEE AT NIGHT—ELECTRIC-LIGHT ILLUMINATION.

SKETCHES ON THE LEVEES, NEW ORLEANS.—By J. O. Davidson.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Laodicean," etc.

I.

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet what of that? Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But in the present case such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two foot-paths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. The house was thus exposed to the elements on all sides. But though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rain-storm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crécy. Such sheep and out-door animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the wind; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eaves-droppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fire-place, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high days, holidays, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown piece to the musicians as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was a caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little homestead partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within and the lesser strains of the fiddler reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten bee-hives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water, and a casual rain-fall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies: a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and emerging from the shed with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst, he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while far away in the vale a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamp-lights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county town, from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in," said the shepherd, promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion, and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though to be sure a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb, hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennell assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said, freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said, quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer, "and that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box; I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man, with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor, by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire, as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in." In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yerself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether comfortable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his great-coat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire, and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the large mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole genealogies of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burned upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

"THERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL i CUM."

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on and on and on, till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd, with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden afore coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous horizontality.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd, warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm, which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make, and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of whites of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time, but the rain drove me into ye, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering: "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight, I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I sha'n't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friend-

ship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger, disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people, and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong. And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it! what's a cup of mead more or less? there'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade: I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added, smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep crooks above the mantel-piece, began:

"Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree."

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word "Chorus," joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish:

"And waft 'em to a far countree."

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought, not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground; the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion: she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza, as requested:

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all;
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string and a post whereon to swing
Are implements enough for me."

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down, trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clockmaker we heard of, who used to live away at Anglebury, and had no work to do—Timothy Sommers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Anglebury by the high-road and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's man, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the terrible trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

II.

THAT A FREE MAN IS A SOVEREIGN, BUT THAT A SOVEREIGN CAN NOT TAKE "TIPS."

A FREE man, a free country, liberty, and equality are terms of constant use amongst us. They are employed as watch-words as soon as any social questions come into discussion. It is right that they should be so used. They ought to contain the broadest convictions and most positive faiths of the nation, and so they ought to be available for the decision of questions of detail. In order, however, that they may be so employed successfully and correctly, it is essential that the terms should be correctly defined, and that their popular use should conform to correct definitions. No doubt it is generally believed that the terms are easily understood, and present no difficulty. Probably the popular notion is that liberty means doing as one has a mind to, and that it is a metaphysical or sentimental good. A little observation shows that there is no such thing in this world as doing as one has a mind to. There is no man, from the tramp up to the President, the Pope, or the Czar, who can do as he has a mind to. There never has been any man, from the primitive barbarian up to a Humboldt or a Darwin, who could do as he had a mind to. The "Bohemian" who determines to realize some sort of liberty of this kind accomplishes his purpose only by sacrificing most of the rights and turning his back on most of the duties of a civilized man, while filching as much as he can of the advantages of living in a civilized state. Moreover, liberty is not a metaphysical or sentimental thing at all. It is positive, practical, and actual. It is produced and maintained by law and institutions, and is therefore concrete and historical. Sometimes we speak distinctively of civil liberty, but if there be any liberty other than civil liberty—that is, liberty under law—it is a mere fiction of the schoolmen which they may be left to discuss.

Even as I write, however, I find in a leading review the following definition of liberty: civil liberty is "the result of the restraint exercised by the sovereign people on the more powerful individuals and classes of the community, preventing them from availing themselves of the excess of their power to the detriment of the other classes." This definition lays the foundation for the result which it is apparently desired to reach, that "a government by the people can in no case become a paternal government, since its law-makers are its mandatories and servants carrying out its will, and not its fathers or its masters." Here we have the most mischievous fallacy under the general topic which I am discussing distinctly formulated. In the definition of liberty it will be noticed that liberty is construed as the act of the sovereign people against somebody, who must, of course, be differentiated from the sovereign people. Whenever "people" is used in this sense for anything less than the total population, man, woman, child, and baby, and whenever the great dogmas which contain the word people are construed under the limited definition of people, there is always fallacy. History is only a tiresome repetition of one story. Persons and classes have sought to win possession of the power of the state in order to live luxuriously out of the earnings of others. Autocracies, aristocracies, theocracies, and all other organizations for holding political power have exhibited only the same line of action. It is the extreme of political error to say that if political power is only taken away from generals, nobles, priests, millionaires, and scholars, and given to artisans and peasants, these latter may be trusted to do only right and justice, and never to abuse the power; that they will repress all excess in others and commit none themselves. They will commit abuse, if they can and dare, just as others have done. The reason for the excesses of old governing classes lies in the vices and passions of human nature, cupidity, lust, vindictiveness, ambition, and vanity. These vices are confined to no nation, class, or age. They appear in the church, the academy, the workshop, and the hovel, as well as in the army or the palace. They have appeared in autocracies, aristocracies, theocracies, democracies, and ochlocracies, all alike. The only thing which has ever restrained these vices of human nature in those who had political power is law sustained by impersonal institutions. If political power be given to the masses who have not hitherto had it, nothing will stop them from abusing it but laws and institutions. To say that a popular government can not be paternal is to give it a charter that it can do no wrong. The trouble is that a democratic government is in greater danger than any other of becoming paternal—step-paternal,—for it is sure of itself, and ready to undertake anything, and its power is excessive and pitiless against dissentients.

What history shows is that rights are safe only when guaranteed against all arbitrary power and all class and personal interest. The notion of a free state is entirely modern. It has been developed with the development of the middle class, and with the growth of a commercial and industrial civilization. Horror at human slavery is not a century old as a common sentiment in a civilized state. The idea of the "free man," as we understand it, is the product of a revolt against mediæval and feudal ideas, and our notion of equality, when it is true and practical, can be explained only by that revolt. It was in England that the modern idea found birth. It has been strengthened by the industrial and commercial development of that country. It has been inherited by all the English-speaking nations, who have made liberty real because they have inherited it, not as a notion, but as a body of institutions. It has been borrowed and imitated by the military and police states of the European continent so fast as they have felt the influence of the expanding industrial civilization, but they have realized it only imperfectly, because they have no body of local institutions or traditions, and it remains for them a matter of "declarations" and pronunciamentos. The notion of civil liberty which we have inherited is that of a status created for the individual by laws and institutions, the effect of which is that each man is guaranteed the use of all his own powers exclusively for his own welfare. It is not at all a matter of elections, or universal suffrage, or democracy. All institutions are to be tested by the degree to which they guarantee liberty. It is not to be admitted for a moment that liberty is a means to social ends, and that it may be impaired for major considerations. Any one who so argues has lost the bearing and relation of all the facts and factors in a free state. A human being has a life to live, a career to run. He is a centre of powers to work and of capacities to suffer. What his powers may be, whether they can carry him far or not; what his chances may be, whether wide or restricted; what his fortune may be, whether to suffer much or little—are questions of his personal destiny which he must work out and endure as he can, but for all that concerns the bearing of the society and its institutions upon that man, and upon the sum of happiness to which he can attain during his life on earth, the product of all history and all philosophy up to this time is summed up in the doctrine that he should be left free to do the most for himself that he can, and should be guaranteed the exclusive enjoyment of all that he does. If the society—that is to say, in plain terms, if his fellow-men, either individually, by groups, or in a mass—impinge upon him otherwise than to surround him with neutral conditions of security, they must do so under the strictest responsibility to justify themselves. Jealousy and prejudice against all such interferences are high political virtues in a free man. Liberty for labor and security for earnings are the ends for which civil institutions exist, not means which may be employed for ulterior ends.

Now the cardinal doctrine of any sound political system is that rights and duties should be in equilibrium. A monarchical or aristocratic system is not immoral if the rights and duties of persons and classes are in equilibrium, although the rights and duties of different persons and classes are unequal. An immoral political system is created whenever there are privileged classes, that is, classes who have arrogated to themselves rights while throwing the duties upon others. In a democracy all have equal political rights. That is the fundamental political principle. A democracy, then, becomes immoral if all have not equal political duties. This is unquestionably the doctrine which needs to be reiterated and inculcated beyond all others if the democracy is to be made sound and permanent. Our orators and writers never speak of it, and do not seem often to know anything about it; but the real danger of democracy is that the classes which have the power under it will assume all the rights and reject all the duties, that is, that they will use the political power to plunder those—who—have. Democracy, in order to be true to itself, and to develop into a sound working system, must oppose the same cold resistance to any claims for favor on the ground of poverty as on the ground of birth and rank. It can no more admit to public discussion, as within the range of possible action, any schemes for coddling and helping wage-receivers than it could entertain schemes for restricting political power to wage-payers. It must put down schemes for making "the rich" pay for whatever "the poor" want, just as it tramples on the old theories that only the rich are fit to regulate society. One needs but to watch our periodical literature to see the danger that democracy will be construed as a system of favoring a new privileged class of the many and the poor.

Holding in mind, now, the notions of liberty and democracy as we have defined them, we see that it is not altogether a matter o fanfaronade when the American citizen calls himself a "sovereign." A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. He has reached his sovereignty, however, by a process of reduction and division of power which leaves him no inferior. It is very grand to call one's self a sovereign, but it is greatly to the purpose to notice that the political responsibilities of the free man have been intensified and aggregated just in proportion as political rights have been reduced and divided. Many monarchs have been incapable of sovereignty and unfit for it. Placed in exalted situations, and inheritors of grand opportunities, they have only exhibited their own imbecility and vice. The reason was because they thought only of the gratification of their own vanity and not at all of their duty. The free man who steps forward to claim his inheritance and endowment as a free and equal member of a great civil body must understand that his duties and responsibilities are measured to him by the same scale as his rights and his powers. He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it, but he can not escape the deduction that he can call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent, and they can not respect his equality if he sues for favors. The free man in a free democracy, when he cut off all the ties which might pull him down, severed also all the ties by which he might have made others pull him up. He must take all the consequences of his new status. He is, in a certain sense, an isolated man. The family tie does not bring to him disgrace for the misdeeds of his relatives as it once would have done, but neither does it furnish him with the support which it once would have given. The relations of men are open and free, but they are also loose. A free man in a free democracy derogates from his rank if he takes a favor for which he does not render an equivalent.

A free man in a free democracy has no duty whatever toward other men of the same rank and standing, except respect, courtesy, and good-will. We can not say that there are no classes when we are speaking politically, and then say that there are classes when we are telling A what it is his duty to do for B. In a free state every man is held and expected to take care of himself and his family, to make no trouble for his neighbor, and to contribute his full share to public interests and common necessities. If he fails in this, he throws burdens on others. He does not thereby acquire rights against the others. On the contrary, he only accumulates obligations toward them, and if he is allowed to make his deficiencies a ground of new claims, he passes over into the position of a privileged or petted person—emancipated from duties, endowed with claims. This is the inevitable result of combining democratic political theories with humanitarian social theories. It would be aside from my present purpose to show, but it is worth noticing in passing, that one result of such inconsistency must surely be to undermine democracy, to increase the power of capital in the democracy, and to hasten the subjection of democracy to plutocracy, for a man who accepts any share which he has not earned in another man's capital can not be an independent citizen.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

THE subsidence of the great flood in the Ohio River leaves behind it scenes of terrible devastation and distress. Although relieved of the awful dangers that threatened while the waters were at their highest, the unfortunate people whose homes have been swept away, whose business has been ruined, are left in a state of pitiable destitution, and prompt and efficient measures are necessary to prevent wide-spread suffering among them. Americans have never been backward in giving where appeals have been made to their generosity, either from home or abroad, and in this case they are responding liberally to the cry of distress that comes from the banks of the Ohio.

Our illustrations give a vivid picture of the extent of the calamities which have befallen the people of that region. One of the most frightful incidents was the breaking of the embankment at Louisville, by which nearly a square mile of territory within the city limits was flooded. There was a slight break in the embankment on Monday, February 12, but it was speedily repaired, and in spite of the warning the inhabitants of the low grounds refused to leave their dwellings, and most of them went to bed as if no danger were impending. About midnight their slumbers were suddenly disturbed by a rush of roaring water. The embankment had given way, and in a moment the turbid flood was sweeping through the streets. The panic was indescribable. The roar of the waters could not drown the cries and shrieks of the terrified women and children as they endeavored to make their escape from the tottering buildings. Some succeeded in wading to higher ground, on which bonfires were quickly kindled as beacon lights to guide the unfortunates. Others were rescued in boats propelled by strong and resolute men. Many of the sufferers saved nothing but their night clothing, happy to save their lives, and leaving all their household goods to be swept away. As most of the houses were small cottages of frail construction, they were quickly overturned or torn to pieces. Several of these dwellings were crushed before the inmates could escape. In some cases sick people were taken through the windows, and carried to a place of safety in boats, and several people were rescued from trees into which they had climbed. Many pathetic incidents took place while the brave rescuers were at work, at the risk of their own lives. We are told of cottages overwhelmed in the darkness, with all their inmates, when help was just at hand, of homeless families shivering about the bonfires. Two drunken men were saved with the greatest difficulty, as they could not be made to comprehend their danger, and were almost uncontrollable. One little girl refused to leave her home until she had found her pet kitten. An old negro, half frozen and pitiably scared, was found shivering on the top of a coal heap, guarding a wretched little rabbit.

Great difficulty was experienced in some cases in persuading poor people to abandon their household goods. They would insist on loading the boats that came to their rescue with bedding and furniture, and in some instances could only be restrained by force from doing so. One poor old man cried as if his heart would break because he was not allowed to load the boat with some cane-bottomed chairs which were the pride of his house.

It is impossible as yet to form even an approximate estimate of the extent of the damage caused by the floods at Cincinnati, Louisville, and other places along the Ohio River, but there is no question that it will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. The loss arising from the interruption to business alone is enormous. The loss of human life has been happily small, even in places where the danger seemed to be most imminent.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Laodicean," etc.

I.

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or eweleases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet what of that? Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But in the present case such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two foot-paths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. The house was thus exposed to the elements on all sides. But though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rain-storm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crécy. Such sheep and out-door animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the wind; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eaves-droppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high days, holidays, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever — which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown piece to the musicians as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was a caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little homestead partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within and the lesser strains of the fiddler reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten bee-hives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water, and a casual rain-fall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies: a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and emerging from the shed with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst, he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while far away in the vale a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamp-lights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county town, from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in," said the shepherd, promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion, and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though to be sure a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb, hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennell assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said, freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said, quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer, "and that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box; I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man, with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor, by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire, as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in." In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yerself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether comfortable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his great-coat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire, and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the large mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole genealogies of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burned upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

"THERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL I CUM."

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on and on and on, till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd, with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden afore coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous horizontality.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd, warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm, which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make, and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of whites of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time, but the rain drove me into ye, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering: "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight, I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty.... But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friend-

ship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger, disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people, and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong. And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it! what's a cup of mead more or less? there'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade: I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added, smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep crooks above the mantel-piece, began:

"Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree."

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word "Chorus," joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish:

"And waft 'em to a far countree."

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought, not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground; the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion: she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza, as requested:

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all;
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string and a post whereon to swing
Are implements enough for me."

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down, trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clockmaker we heard of, who used to live away at Anglebury, and had no work to do—Timothy Sommers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Anglebury by the high-road and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's man, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the terrible trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

II.

THAT A FREE MAN IS A SOVEREIGN, BUT THAT A SOVEREIGN CAN NOT TAKE "TIPS."

A FREE man, a free country, liberty, and equality are terms of constant use amongst us. They are employed as watch-words as soon as any social questions come into discussion. It is right that they should be so used. They ought to contain the broadest convictions and most positive faiths of the nation, and so they ought to be available for the decision of questions of detail. In order, however, that they may be so employed successfully and correctly, it is essential that the terms should be correctly defined, and that their popular use should conform to correct definitions. No doubt it is generally believed that the terms are easily understood, and present no difficulty. Probably the popular notion is that liberty means doing as one has a mind to, and that it is a metaphysical or sentimental good. A little observation shows that there is no such thing in this world as doing as one has a mind to. There is no man, from the tramp up to the President, the Pope, or the Czar, who can do as he has a mind to. There never has been any man, from the primitive barbarian up to a Humboldt or a Darwin, who could do as he had a mind to. The "Bohemian" who determines to realize some sort of liberty of this kind accomplishes his purpose only by sacrificing most of the rights and turning his back on most of the duties of a civilized man, while filching as much as he can of the advantages of living in a civilized state. Moreover, liberty is not a metaphysical or sentimental thing at all. It is positive, practical, and actual. It is produced and maintained by law and institutions, and is therefore concrete and historical. Sometimes we speak distinctively of civil liberty, but if there be any liberty other than civil liberty—that is, liberty under law—it is a mere fiction of the schoolmen which they may be left to discuss.

Even as I write, however, I find in a leading review the following definition of liberty: civil liberty is "the result of the restraint exercised by the sovereign people on the more powerful individuals and classes of the community, preventing them from availing themselves of the excess of their power to the detriment of the other classes." This definition lays the foundation for the result which it is apparently desired to reach, that "a government by the people can in no case become a paternal government, since its lawmakers are its mandatories and servants carrying out its will, and not its fathers or its masters." Here we have the most mischievous fallacy under the general topic which I am discussing distinctly formulated. In the definition of liberty it will be noticed that liberty is construed as the act of the sovereign people against somebody, who must, of course, be differentiated from the sovereign people. Whenever "people" is used in this sense for anything less than the total population, man, woman, child, and baby, and whenever the great dogmas which contain the word people are construed under the limited definition of people, there is always fallacy. History is only a tiresome repetition of one story. Persons and classes have sought to win possession of the power of the state in order to live luxuriously out of the earnings of others. Autocracies, aristocracies, theocracies, and all other organizations for holding political power have exhibited only the same line of action. It is the extreme of political error to say that if political power is only taken away from generals, nobles, priests, millionaires, and scholars, and given to artisans and peasants, these latter may be trusted to do only right and justice, and never to abuse the power; that they will repress all excess in others and commit none themselves. They will commit abuse, if they can and dare, just as others have done. The reason for the excesses of old governing classes lies in the vices and passions of human nature, cupidity, lust, vindictiveness, ambition, and vanity. These vices are confined to no nation, class, or age. They appear in the church, the academy, the workshop, and the hovel, as well as in the army or the palace. They have appeared in autocracies, aristocracies, theocracies, democracies, and ochlocracies, all alike. The only thing which has ever restrained these vices of human nature in those who had political power is law sustained by impersonal institutions. If political power be given to the masses who have not hitherto had it, nothing will stop them from abusing it but laws and institutions. To say that a popular government can not be paternal is to give it a charter that it can do no wrong. The trouble is that a democratic government is in greater danger than any other of becoming paternal—step-paternal,—for it is sure of itself, and ready to undertake anything, and its power is excessive and pitiless against dissentients.

What history shows is that rights are safe only when guaranteed against all arbitrary power and all class and personal interest. The notion of a free state is entirely modern. It has been developed with the development of the middle class, and with the growth of a commercial and industrial civilization. Horror at human slavery is not a century old as a common sentiment in a civilized state. The idea of the "free man," as we understand it, is the product of a revolt against mediæval and feudal ideas, and our notion of equality, when it is true and practical, can be explained only by that revolt. It was in England that the modern idea found birth. It has been strengthened by the industrial and commercial development of that country. It has been inherited by all the English-speaking nations, who have made liberty real because they have inherited it, not as a notion, but as a body of institutions. It has been borrowed and imitated by the military and police states of the European continent so fast as they have felt the influence of the expanding industrial civilization, but they have realized it only imperfectly, because they have no body of local institutions or traditions, and it remains for them a matter of "declarations" and pronunciamentos. The notion of civil liberty which we have inherited is that of a status created for the individual by laws and institutions, the effect of which is that each man is guaranteed the use of all his own powers exclusively for his own welfare. It is not at all a matter of elections, or universal suffrage, or democracy. All institutions are to be tested by the degree to which they guarantee liberty. It is not to be admitted for a moment that liberty is a means to social ends, and that it may be impaired for major considerations. Any one who so argues has lost the bearing and relation of all the facts and factors in a free state. A human being has a life to live, a career to run. He is a centre of powers to work and of capacities to suffer. What his powers may be, whether they can carry him far or not; what his chances may be, whether wide or restricted; what his fortune may be, whether to suffer much or little—are questions of his personal destiny which he must work out and endure as he can, but for all that concerns the bearing of the society and its institutions upon that man, and upon the sum of happiness to which he can attain during his life on earth, the product of all history and all philosophy up to this time is summed up in the doctrine that he should be left free to do the most for himself that he can, and should be guaranteed the exclusive enjoyment of all that he does. If the society—that is to say, in plain terms, if his fellow-men, either individually, by groups, or in a mass—impinge upon him otherwise than to surround him with neutral conditions of security, they must do so under the strictest responsibility to justify themselves. Jealousy and prejudice against all such interferences are high political virtues in a free man. Liberty for labor and security for earnings are the ends for which civil institutions exist, not means which may be employed for ulterior ends.

Now the cardinal doctrine of any sound political system is that rights and duties should be in equilibrium. A monarchical or aristocratic system is not immoral if the rights and duties of persons and classes are in equilibrium, although the rights and duties of different persons and classes are unequal. An immoral political system is created whenever there are privileged classes, that is, classes who have arrogated to themselves rights while throwing the duties upon others. In a democracy all have equal political rights. That is the fundamental political principle. A democracy, then, becomes immoral if all have not equal political duties. This is unquestionably the doctrine which needs to be reiterated and inculcated beyond all others if the democracy is to be made sound and permanent. Our orators and writers never speak of it, and do not seem often to know anything about it; but the real danger of democracy is that the classes which have the power under it will assume all the rights and reject all the duties, that is, that they will use the political power to plunder those—who—have. Democracy, in order to be true to itself, and to develop into a sound working system, must oppose the same cold resistance to any claims for favor on the ground of poverty as on the ground of birth and rank. It can no more admit to public discussion, as within the range of possible action, any schemes for coddling and helping wage-receivers than it could entertain schemes for restricting political power to wage-payers. It must put down schemes for making "the rich" pay for whatever "the poor" want, just as it tramples on the old theories that only the rich are fit to regulate society. One needs but to watch our periodical literature to see the danger that democracy will be construed as a system of favoring a new privileged class of the many and the poor.

Holding in mind, now, the notions of liberty and democracy as we have defined them, we see that it is not altogether a matter of fanfaronade when the American citizen calls himself a "sovereign." A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. He has reached his sovereignty, however, by a process of reduction and division of power which leaves him no inferior. It is very grand to call one's self a sovereign, but it is greatly to the purpose to notice that the political responsibilities of the free man have been intensified and aggregated just in proportion as political rights have been reduced and divided. Many monarchs have been incapable of sovereignty and unfit for it. Placed in exalted situations, and inheritors of grand opportunities, they have only exhibited their own imbecility and vice. The reason was because they thought only of the gratification of their own vanity and not at all of their duty. The free man who steps forward to claim his inheritance and endowment as a free and equal member of a great civil body must understand that his duties and responsibilities are measured to him by the same scale as his rights and his powers. He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it, but he can not escape the deduction that he can call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent, and they can not respect his equality if he sues for favors. The free man in a free democracy, when he cut off all the ties which might pull him down, severed also all the ties by which he might have made others pull him up. He must take all the consequences of his new status. He is, in a certain sense, an isolated man. The family tie does not bring to him disgrace for the misdeeds of his relatives as it once would have done, but neither does it furnish him with the support which it once would have given. The relations of men are open and free, but they are also loose. A free man in a free democracy derogates from his rank if he takes a favor for which he does not render an equivalent.

A free man in a free democracy has no duty whatever toward other men of the same rank and standing, except respect, courtesy, and goodwill. We can not say that there are no classes when we are speaking politically, and then say that there are classes when we are telling A what it is his duty to do for B. In a free state every man is held and expected to take care of himself and his family, to make no trouble for his neighbor, and to contribute his full share to public interests and common necessities. If he fails in this, he throws burdens on others. He does not thereby acquire rights against the others. On the contrary, he only accumulates obligations toward them, and if he is allowed to make his deficiencies a ground of new claims, he passes over into the position of a privileged or petted person—emancipated from duties, endowed with claims. This is the inevitable result of combining democratic political theories with humanitarian social theories. It would be aside from my present purpose to show, but it is worth noticing in passing, that one result of such inconsistency must surely be to undermine democracy, to increase the power of capital in the democracy, and to hasten the subjection of democracy to plutocracy, for a man who accepts any share which he has not earned in another man's capital can not be an independent citizen.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

THE subsidence of the great flood in the Ohio River leaves behind it scenes of terrible devastation and distress. Although relieved of the awful dangers that threatened while the waters were at their highest, the unfortunate people whose homes have been swept away, whose business has been ruined, are left in a state of pitiable destitution, and prompt and efficient measures are necessary to prevent wide-spread suffering among them. Americans have never been backward in giving where appeals have been made to their generosity, either from home or abroad, and in this case they are responding liberally to the cry of distress that comes from the banks of the Ohio.

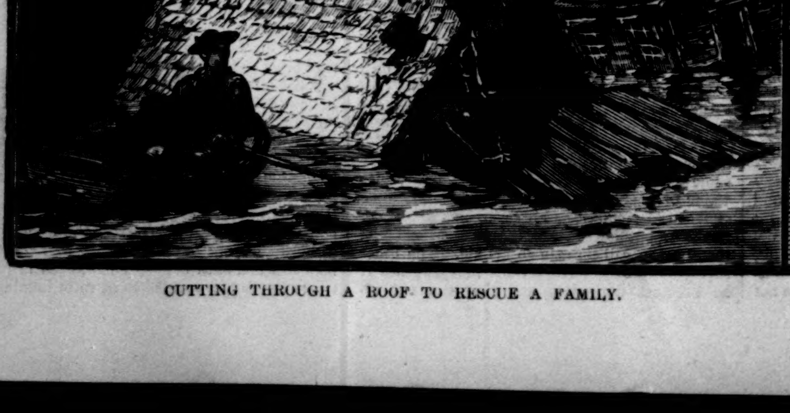
Our illustrations give a vivid picture of the extent of the calamities which have befallen the people of that region. One of the most frightful incidents was the breaking of the embankment at Louisville, by which nearly a square mile of territory within the city limits was flooded. There was a slight break in the embankment on Monday, February 12, but it was speedily repaired, and in spite of the warning the inhabitants of the low grounds refused to leave their dwellings, and most of them went to bed as if no danger were impending. About midnight their slumbers were suddenly disturbed by a rush of roaring water. The embankment had given way, and in a moment the turbid flood was sweeping through the streets. The panic was indescribable. The roar of the waters could not drown the cries and shrieks of the terrified women and children as they endeavored to make their escape from the tottering buildings. Some succeeded in wading to higher ground, on which bonfires were quickly kindled as beacon lights to guide the unfortunates. Others were rescued in boats propelled by strong and resolute men. Many of the sufferers saved nothing but their night clothing, happy to save their lives, and leaving all their household goods to be swept away. As most of the houses were small cottages of frail construction, they were quickly overturned or torn to pieces. Several of these dwellings were crushed before the inmates could escape. In some cases sick people were taken through the windows, and carried to a place of safety in boats, and several people were rescued from trees into which they had climbed. Many pathetic incidents took place while the brave rescuers were at work, at the risk of their own lives. We are told of cottages overwhelmed in the darkness, with all their inmates, when help was just at hand, of homeless families shivering about the bonfires. Two drunken men were saved with the greatest difficulty, as they could not be made to comprehend their danger, and were almost uncontrollable. One little girl refused to leave her home until she had found her pet kitten. An old negro, half frozen and pitiably scared, was found shivering on the top of a coal heap, guarding a wretched little rabbit.

Great difficulty was experienced in some cases in persuading poor people to abandon their household goods. They would insist on loading the boats that came to their rescue with bedding and furniture, and in some instances could only be restrained by force from doing so. One poor old man cried as if his heart would break because he was not allowed to load the boat with some cane-bottomed chairs which were the pride of his house.

It is impossible as yet to form even an approximate estimate of the extent of the damage caused by the floods at Cincinnati, Louisville, and other places along the Ohio River, but there is no question that it will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. The loss arising from the interruption to business alone is enormous. The loss of human life has been happily small, even in places where the danger seemed to be most imminent.

1. Cincinnati and Southern Railroad Bridge. 2. Cattle Pens. 3. Eighth Street. 4. Marietta Railroad. 5. C., H., and D. Railroad. 6. I. and C. Railroad. 7. I., C., and L. Round-House. 8.

THE FLOOD AT CINCINNATI AT ITS HIGHEST POINT, FROM PRICE'S H

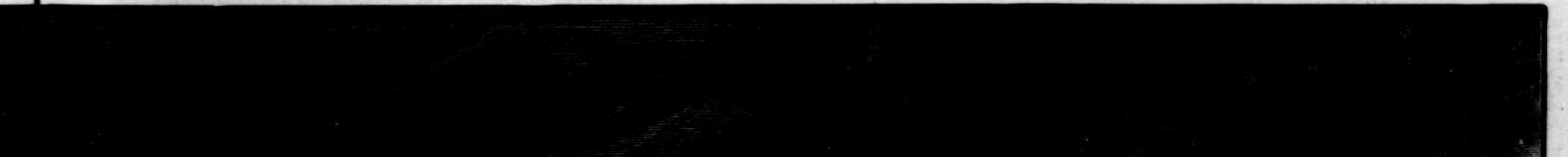


CUTTING THROUGH A ROOF TO RESCUE A FAMILY.

THE BREAKING OF THE EMBANKMENT AT LOUISVILL

8. [D]istillery. 9. O. and M. Yards. 10. Sixth Street. 11. O. and M. Railroad. 12. O. and M. Railroad Freight-Yard. 13. Mill Creek. 14. Cincinnati and Southern Railroad Bridge. 15. Ohio River.

S HI[L]L LOOKING EAST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



SEEKING SAFETY IN A TREE.

ILL[E], KENTUCKY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. F. CLARKE.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARTING.

It was a grim scene, despite the afternoon sun still shining in the room. It verged closely upon tragedy; the tall figure of the farmer, with his clear gray eyes fixed upon his favorite pupil, Greg standing unmoved, and with his gaze directed toward the woman in the bed, who had brought this awful charge against him in her dying hours; and the woman staring back at him, judge and accuser in one, and with no scrap of belief in the innocence of him whom she accused.

"Is that true?" John Woodhatch had asked, as if he had not put credence in her story; and Greg Dorward answered, without a quaver in his voice,

"It is not true!"

It was remarkable, there was no response in any way to his denial of the crime, only a solemn silence more embarrassing, more awful, than any comment which at that time might have been made, or any loud-voiced disbelief of his assertion. They were both looking at him—that was all. The eyes of Hester Brake were difficult to confront for long; he looked away at last, turning to John Woodhatch, as it were, for an explanation.

"Who charges me?" he asked; "what has suggested such an accusation?"

"She has known it for some time, she says, Greg."

"Is it possible you can think so, madam?" he asked, turning to Miss Brake again. "Have you considered the terrible position in which you place me? When your brother died I was a lad. I had been here only a day or two. I scarcely knew your brother."

"But you killed him?"

He turned once more to John Woodhatch and raised his shoulders slightly, as a Frenchman might have done.

"Can I reason with her, sir?" he said in a low voice; "is it worth while, poor lady, now?"

"Hardly."

The answer came in a deep, sonorous voice; there was no ring of sympathy in it, no touch of feeling for Greg Dorward's position, accused of murder as he was by one sick and half distraught, whose life had been a series of suspicions of her kind, and was dying out in the same miserable manner. Greg was surprised; he had looked for help, for confidence, from the master, not for want of faith so soon.

"Miss Brake has been led away by some wild tale or other. Who is my accuser?" he asked; "who has had a word to say against me, and hides behind so weak a woman as this?"

He spoke almost contemptuously of the frail figure at which he gazed again, and John Woodhatch answered for her.

"Spikins told her," he said.

"And was Spikins a man to be believed? What did he know of me?"

"He was a man who had much to say about Morris Brake at the last," was John Woodhatch's reply.

"I would not have taken his word against the life of a sparrow," answered Greg.

"Neither would I," replied the farmer.

"I knew you would not," exclaimed Greg.

"Without proof," added John Woodhatch.

"He has no proof of my connection with so horrible a deed; it is not likely; it is monstrous to consider it likely," Greg exclaimed, with new fervor.

Still John Woodhatch did not appear to be moved by Greg's declamation, although he did not betray in any way, unless by his grave, almost stoical demeanor, any actual doubt of Greg. He was in the chamber of the dying, and might think it better to moderate his words and looks in the presence of one slowly passing away from the world. But he might have convinced her by a little effort, thought Greg, of the improbability of the whole story, and of the indifferent character of him who had invented it.

"Tell him all," said the faint voice of Hester Brake.

"Not here; not now," answered John Woodhatch. "It is too late to speak of it before you."

"He says he did not kill my brother," she murmured. "If, after all, I should have been deceived, John?"

"Then he will forgive you, I am sure. But I would be glad to hear you say, Hester, at the last," he answered, "that if he were even guilty you could forgive him. He was only a boy. There might have been a reason for it all; it might not have been even murder, judged by human error or temptation. Who knows but God and this poor fellow here?"

His broad hand rested heavily on Greg Dorward's shoulder—so heavily that Greg shrank a little from it in his first surprise.

"Let him tell me the truth," she murmured, "and I may forgive even him."

"I have nothing to tell," answered Greg; "I did not murder your brother, I swear by the living God!"

Again followed the solemn silence which had perplexed him at the beginning of the interview—the strange steady looks toward him, with never a word of comfort to him to show his protests had affected his listeners, or were to be believed.

John Woodhatch spoke at last.

"That will do, Greg," he said. "Later on in the night we will talk of this again; you and I together."

"Very well. But—"

"But this suffering woman must depart in peace," he said. "The end is near, and time is precious with her."

John Woodhatch pointed to the door, and Greg Dorward bowed his head and walked slowly toward it. It had been a brief, strange interview, by which he had not profited—by which he was even bewildered. What did they know, what did they think they knew, to look at him with those great glassy eyes in which no love for him, no hope for him, seemed for one instant to dwell? It was impossible they could say one word to tarnish the good name which he, by dint of honest perseverance, had earned at Skegs Shore. It was all a mistake.

As the door closed on him Hester Brake looked toward John Woodhatch.

"So the miserable story ends, Hester," he said. "Let us not speak of it again."

"But—"

"You promised me."

"Ah, well, I leave it in your hands," answered Hester, "knowing I can trust you."

"Leaving me to act as I please?" he asked.

"As you please—yes."

"I will do my best."

"Good friend. You always did—you always will," she murmured.

"Oh, I will not say as much as that. It is a long distance to the end of a man's promise, and I am not a hero," he said, moodily.

"You will be always strong and just," she said, with a sigh; "I am very sure of that. Where is Lucy Brake?"

"Do you wish to see her?" John Woodhatch inquired.

"Yes."

"I will fetch her to you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I should like to see her for a little while. Not for long."

"No."

"And you will come back soon? You are not going to stop away from me at the last?" she said, half-fretfully.

"I will return when you wish, Hester."

"In half an hour, then."

When he was at the door he paused again.

"You will not distress Lucy, or yourself, by further talk concerning Morris," he said.

"Have I not said I leave the rest in your hands?"

"Yes."

"Trust me for a little while longer, John," she remarked. "I will not distress this Lucy of whom you think so much."

"She is a weak and excitable little woman," answered John. "Poor Lucy, it will be so much fresh misery for her when the time comes to tell her the truth."

"After all, the decision is with her. Morris was her loss more than mine. She will think it justice her husband's murder should be avenged."

"I am no avenger," muttered John Woodhatch; "and," he added, "I have not said I believe this story."

"The proofs are with you."

"They will be before the night closes."

"Ah! before the night closes," repeated Hester Brake.

John Woodhatch withdrew, and presently Lucy stole into the room, and took her place at the bedside. But Hester Brake was not conscious of her sister-in-law's presence; she had fallen asleep the instant after John Woodhatch had quitted her, and though the sleep was restless and spasmodic, Lucy decided on not awakening her. It was better the sick woman should rest, she thought. Hester Brake opened her eyes some twenty minutes later, and regarded, almost with surprise, the young woman by her bedside. She had forgotten she had sent for her; she only remembered that one old friend was missing from the room.

"Where is John?" she asked, in a voice that was very weak now.

"He is down-stairs. You sent for me, he said."

"Kitty Vanch, is it?"

"No, Lucy. I am Lucy; don't you know me?" asked the widow, bending more closely to her.

"Ah, yes! We haven't loved each other very much, have we?"

"We have not understood each other; that was all," was the reply.

"If I have been unjust to you in any way, I am very sorry."

"Pray do not think of me; I was not just myself."

"You will think of John Woodhatch presently. And love him if you can. And tell him, some long day hence, Lucy," she murmured, "that I—have loved him—all my wasted life, and he never, never thought of me!"

She closed her eyes with a heavy sigh, as though she were tired out, and would sleep again before John Woodhatch returned, and Lucy did not attempt to continue the conversation. There was a dread upon her even that Hester Brake might seek to bind her by some promise at the last, and ill might come of that. She would be glad when John Woodhatch returned to take his post here, as he had done for some mysterious reason all the day; she was afraid of Hester Brake, and of all that might ensue before the parting hour.

But the hour had come already, and the parting had taken place between them. This poor, frail life—wasted it had not been, for all Hester's sorrow over its fancied uselessness—had glided quietly and painlessly away; and Lucy did not know it was the last great sleep of all until she looked at her again, and saw God's seal upon the white, still face.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT WALK.

Over the grief at Farm Forlorn caused by the passing away of Hester Brake from the cares and troubles of daily life we can afford to draw the veil. It is enough to state that there was real sorrow in the house of mourning, and many weeping for the loss of her. The strange woman had never secured much love for herself; only one had ever professed to love her, or to be grateful for her guidance; and almost against her will she had brought discord into the lives of those by whom she had been surrounded. She had meant all for the best; she had despised hypocrisy, and set herself to baffle it; she had been irritable, suspicious, jealous, and eccentric by turns; but there were many in Farm Forlorn who heard of her decease with wet eyes and quivering lips.

Kitty was in the dead woman's room, inconsolable.

"I have lost the one friend I ever had," she cried; and Mrs. Chadderton leaned over her and attempted solace vainly.

"God will send you another friend," said Mrs. Chadderton; "you must not grieve like this for her."

"If I had only seen her at the last! if they had not sent me from her! if I might have told her she was wrong in all her thoughts of Greg!" moaned Kitty to herself. "If I could have seen her once more! if she had only lived another day!"

Greg Dorward's thoughts were very different from these.

"If she had only died twenty-four hours earlier," said Greg, moodily, to John Woodhatch, when the news was brought to him that Hester Brake was dead, "it would have been so much the better."

"For you, or her?"

"For both of us," was the reply. "I should have esteemed her more, and she would not have raked up a terrible story, and connected me with it in this fashion."

"Shall we speak of it now?" asked Woodhatch, calmly.

"Yes, surely," was the quick reply.

"Let us get out of the house," said the farmer; "there are too many listeners here. And time is precious to you."

Greg looked at his master, but said nothing. He was suspected, then, in earnest: this was no delusion, no wild dream of a wild woman. Even John Woodhatch believed what Hester Brake had told him. And yet how often had he spoken disparagingly of her manner and ideas, setting down the trouble in his house at times, the difference between his friends, to her interference. He did not seem to think of this, or to regard Hester Brake in any way save that of one whose word was an infallibility.

They passed out of the farm-house together; it was dark night, with the sky sown thick with stars. John Woodhatch looked up at them for a moment, as if marvelling at their beauty, and then master and pupil were on the high-road together.

At a short distance from the farm there was a figure waiting for them—a shadowy, ungainly figure, who, it was evident, was expecting them to come that way.

"Who is this?" asked Greg, suspiciously.

"It is Reuben Fladge," answered John Woodhatch; "he has been waiting for me."

It was on Greg's lips to ask a second question, but for some unaccountable reason he refrained. It was as well not to appear too curious or too suspicious.

Reuben Fladge slouched toward them, with his head bent down, and his hands thrust to the bottoms of his pockets. The news had reached him too of Miss Brake's death.

"So she's gone, sir," he said, when they were all three together on the high-road.

"Yes, Fladge, she is gone."

"She was a friend to me. And," he added, "I'm awful sorry. It's one good 'un gone; isn't it, Mr. Woodhatch?"

"It is."

"And the good are precious scarce," said Fladge, quite philosophically; "a dozen or two like me might go, and nobody the wiser or the sorrier; but one like her is missed."

"Yes, Fladge, the good are precious scarce," repeated John Woodhatch, ironically.

"When's the funeral?"

"The funeral?"

"It'll be a fine 'un, I hope," said Fladge. "There should be a rare fuss over her—ho! ho!—if I had anythink to do with it."

"She is not in her coffin yet," answered the master, moodily; "and we are not in a hurry to think of her grave."

They walked on slowly for a few paces, side by side, Greg Dorward, the man under suspicion, wondering at the other two. Suddenly John Woodhatch stopped again, and Greg stopped with him, Fladge plodding slowly in advance.

"Greg," said Woodhatch, "you say it is all false, and you have been wrongfully accused?"

"I do."

They went on again. When they had overtaken Fladge, John Woodhatch said to him,

"Do you remember my instructions?"

"Every word on 'em, master; to be sure."

"Then go."

Reuben Fladge touched his cap, and with long uncouth strides went away down the road, and was quickly lost in the darkness. The tramp of his rapidly receding footsteps was heard for a few moments after he had disappeared, and it seemed to Greg's quick ears that he was running.

Greg Dorward did not ask for an explanation of this movement, and affected not to be interested by it, or to connect it with the charge of murder which had been made against him. He felt it was all part of the new and lurid light in which he stood, however, that in some way or other a chance had been offered him, and he had let it pass, as a chance of atonement or confession might have been offered to a guilty man.

John Woodhatch explained for himself that this was so; and yet his explanation was more of a mystery than ever.

"I can trust Fladge," he said; "and strange it is that that poor silly fellow is the only one on whom I can rely—on whom we both can rely," he added.

"Why should I rely on him?" asked Greg. "In what way does he affect me?"

"Not at all, I hope. Your being innocent makes all things clear and straight. Your being innocent," he continued—"why, there can possibly come no harm of this. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise!" repeated Greg, in a low voice.

"Otherwise it may be—destruction!"

Greg did not reply. The mysterious nature of the forces opposing him, working against him, was beyond his power to fathom yet, and he could not confront that which at present was concealed from him. He was at war with the dead, not with the living, and he could not confront *them*. The old man Spikins in the church-yard, the woman still and cold at Farm Forlorn, were the enemies of his peace, and he knew not what they had said in their lifetimes, or why John Woodhatch should put his trust in them, and keep it from himself.

He had not long to speculate on this.

"We will walk by the sea, Greg," said Woodhatch; "there will be no one to marvel at us there, and then I can explain."

"I am quite ready, sir."

But there was John Woodhatch to marvel at Greg Dorward's coolness, his imperturbability. Nothing shook the nerves of the young man, who was prepared for any revelation. Surely this was conscious innocence, thought Woodhatch, and all was not deceit and bravado, after all.

They struck off from the high-road by the shady path well known to both of them as a short-cut to the sea. They did not exchange another word till the dark sands were beneath their feet, and the wind was moaning across the sea at them, where, in the distance, the restless, white-crested waves seemed rising up, like ghosts, to look at them, and wonder what their errand was at that hour. They might be speaking in hoarse murmurs of them, too, and passing the news on, mile by mile, along the shore, and dashing with it against the Yorkshire rocks some twenty miles away!

They turned in the direction of Skegs Shore, where the village was where Morris Brake was murdered, and the gray stone church where Greg was to have been married, and the silent church-yard where the man struck from life lay sleeping—"unavenged," as Hester Brake considered it—where Lucy had lived, whom these two men both had loved, and loved strangely, considering her past and their own.

"This way," said Greg. "Would it not be better to take the coast toward Bleathorpe? No one would meet us in that direction."

"Does it matter?"

"Not at all."

"Then we will go this way, where the truth will meet us presently," replied the farmer.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRISIS.

Side by side, and silently for a while, went master and pupil, with God's stars shining down upon them. All was very desolate and dark; only those familiar with this long stretch of sand could have found their way upon it, or been at all at ease there. The higher sandy ridges which at daytime marked the line of coast were completely lost in the blackness of the night, and only the breaking of the waves upon the shore denoted where the sea was. All was one long, wide stretch of desolation, which grew blacker and denser as they advanced, and presently submerged them.

Here they could speak without fear of listeners. Here hardly a Lincolnshire man would trust himself on such a night as this. Smuggling had gone out of fashion, and the wind came with icy coldness across the water, and moaned piteously after sundown, as though the night was scaring it.

"There isn't a great deal to tell you, Greg, and you may answer or not, as it seems better for you," commenced John Woodhatch; "to me it is at present so like truth, it would be, if false, a lie so unnecessary and base, that I am daunted for the first time in my life. And, Greg, I am verily afraid for you, as for a son whom I have loved—whom for his good fight upward I have honored until now."

Greg's lips moved twice before he could reply, but it was too dark to see this. Then the answer came in six short words.

"I thank you for that honor," rang out in such sad, tremulous tones that the listener was startled.

"It was Spikins who told Miss Brake what he considered was the truth of Morris's murder. That you know already."

"He told it for money, doubtless. What would he have not done for money?" asked Greg, in his usual tones.

"He was not a man whose bare word was to be trusted; all his life he was untrustworthy, though probably, after his fashion, faithful to me," said Woodhatch. "I did not look for virtues in him, knowing what he had been, and I had begun with him too late. But it is always too late with me," he added, "and I have not been a lucky man, whatever they may say in Lincolnshire."

"Well, well, sir," asked Greg, a little impatiently, "what did Spikins tell Miss Brake?"

"That you were at Skegs Shore—down by the church—and hiding in the porch—on the night

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

when Morris was with his young wife at the parson's house. Spikins had been at the Swan all the evening, and coming out had caught a glimpse of you, and had resolved to watch you, as you were watching some one else. Is that true?"

"That I was in the village late at night?"

"Yes."

"It is not true," answered Greg; "the old man has invented this."

"He had been watching the farm for many nights, for that matter. Mrs. Chadderton had set him to watch, having misgivings that all was not fair play about us. But this night," said John Woodhatch, "he had left his trust and gone to the village to drink."

"This is a drunken man's testimony, then," said Greg, very scornfully.

"Whether he was drunk or not I can not say; he said he was sober. You waited until the village lights were out, and then you went on to Larcom's, where you knew Morris was. There you waited again, and then—"

"And then," echoed Greg.

"And then Morris Brake came forth, and there was a sudden and awful struggle between you, and Morris Brake was left dead upon the road."

"It is a mad story," said Greg, in a suppressed tone. "Why should I have wanted to kill Lucy's husband? What was he to me?"

"He had done you an injury, it may be, and you were revengeful; or he had discovered you were watching him, and struck you, and in your rage you struck back and killed him. That seems the story to me. God knows if I read it aright. I am not a far-seeing man," he added; "I have no knowledge of human character; I am no wiser than a child."

"How could I have killed him?" asked Greg—"he was a giant in strength to me."

"You carried in your hands a steel spud, which has been missing from the night of the murder," continued Woodhatch. "It was mine. Mrs. Chadderton knew it was gone, and in fear of me, as though I had done it, said not a word to any living soul. It was evidence which might have hanged me had it been discovered, and it was branded with my name."

"Well?"

"You might have hidden that, more for my sake than your own, Greg Dorward. Heaven knows whether you were anxious to spare me from false evidence, or only wished to save yourself. I can not guess your thoughts," he continued, "but you hid the weapon which took Morris's life, and your cap also, which, stained with blood, had fallen into the roadway where he lay stiff and stark."

Was it fancy, or did Greg Dorward cower at this? The darkness was so thick about them both it was difficult to say. But there came no response from Greg, and it sounded as if his breath was short and quick, as though the pace at which they had been striding was almost too much for him.

"Shall I go on?" asked Woodhatch.

"Yes," was the reply, "if there is more to tell."

"There is more."

"I listen," responded Greg.

"That steel spud you buried with your cap, and Spikins saw you do it, and told Miss Brake where she could find them for herself," said Woodhatch. "It was the new Reformatory cap, which was lost a few days after you had come to the farm, if you remember."

"And I buried them, you say. Where?"

John Woodhatch took him by the arm, and pointed across the murky waste of sea-sand.

"Where that light is. Can you see it burning?"

"A light upon the sands?" asked Greg.

"Yes, this way; standing where I stand, you can see it in the distance."

Greg took his master's place and looked for himself.

Yes, a light was shining a few hundred yards away, amongst the timbers of the ship which had been wrecked there many years ago, and left its skeleton as testimony of disaster.

"Who is there?" asked Greg, breathlessly.

"Reuben Fladge."

"What is he doing? Searching for those things?"

"Yes."

"Does he know for what purpose?"

"No. But I must tell him, Greg, in my defense and his, for he too, poor fellow, was made the scapegoat of this crime. Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Greg.

"Unless you trust in me to hear the truth, and—keep your secret still," answered John Woodhatch, sternly; "unless you tell me all at once."

Greg Dorward was strangely silent, and they walked on toward the light, shining now across the sands like a beacon to guide their steps toward it.

Suddenly Greg stopped and crossed his hands together—clutched them together passionately, and looked down.

"Yes, I can trust you, master," he cried; "and —God help me!—I killed him."

"God help you indeed, my poor, weak, miserable Greg, with this man's death upon your conscience all these years!" said Woodhatch, solemnly.

He had expected the avowal; he had been waiting for it; but none the less it came upon him with a crushing force—a truth that with its weight of horror nearly bore him down.

"Ah, sir, I am not so bad as you may think," cried Greg, speaking quickly and earnestly. "I am not so great a villain, not his murderer in cold blood, as you have fancied, although his death is on my soul, and he haunts me night after night—a something that will not rest in Skegs Shore church-yard, and will not let me be. I did follow him—I was curious. I had been listening to your quarrel with him, and when he went away I followed almost without motive, save to know where he was going. When he came from Mr. Larcom's house he saw me, and rushed at me for a spy; he struck me, kicked me, shook me like a rat, and when he let me go I killed him with the spud I had brought away with me for protection. I did not mean to kill him—I did not know what I was doing; but at the first blow he dropped down dead. What could have been expected of a wretch like me save murder? I was incorrigible from the first. You should have left me where I was, sir; I was fit for nothing better. I was from the streets and the prison. My father and mother were bad, and I had never known what good was."

"Yes, yes," said Woodhatch, in reply; "I know. Your life might have been mine, your sin might have been mine. You are the shadow of myself even in this; for I would have killed your father, and even hoped I had killed him. Why should I be your judge, your accuser?"

"Ah! you were always generous," cried Greg; "and you—you will not say a word of this. I have repented years ago; I have suffered. It was his death, after all, which made my life a different and better one. 'I will atone for this,' I said, 'until the end of my days.'"

"Atonement comes late; and you would have kept this crime concealed, or let any poor soul suffer in your stead, so that you were safe," said John Woodhatch. "No, you are no hero, no penitent—only a coward, who has acted like a coward through it all. What will you do?"

"I can not say."

"It is not safe to remain here, and I would not have you at my right hand if it were."

"No," answered Greg.

"What may ooze out from this day, what may have escaped, God knows, for there are many spies about the place. But I will not put a rope round the neck of one who has shared my home, my trust. You must go—you must disappear at once. And Lucy Brake must know the truth of this, when you are safe away."

"Yes—good God! yes," said Greg, "she must."

"To-morrow you will get away from here, ostensibly on business. In your place, I would go abroad, and by repentance, honest industry, try to make atonement for an awful past. Money shall not be wanting."

"I have some—I—I can not take it from you."

"We will talk of this to-morrow. Now let me go on alone to Reuben Fladge," he said; "you will not care to come with me further."

"No, sir."

"Very well."

John Woodhatch walked on, leaving Greg Dorward looking after him, a silent, motionless figure on the sands, a man struck, as it were, into stone by the grim truth which had come to him and unmasked him. But when the master had gone a few yards, Greg was at his side again with a mad, quick plunge, and a cry as of a wounded animal. He seized the master's right hand in both of his, and held it very tightly.

"If I see you no more—if I know you no more from this night—God bless you for your mercy, Mr. Woodhatch!"

Then he relinquished his grip, and was gone. He had vanished away in the darkness, leaving no trace.

John Woodhatch called to him, but there was no reply; then he walked on again toward the old dead ship, and passed through its gaunt oaken ribs into the sand-drift within, and where the lantern light was glowing; where was Reuben Fladge too, with the sand heaped high about him, standing knee-deep in a trench which he had dug, and in his hands were a long steel spud and the fragments of a boy's blue cap.

"Here they be, sir," he said, as John Woodhatch came toward him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Street Preacher.—The Murder of Professor Palmer.—Railway Accidents.—A left-handed Bride.—Mr. Gladstone and the Consumptive.—Freeman *v.* Dickens.

A PERSONAGE has been "disturbing the peace of the metropolis" by preaching "the city's doom" from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. One can not say that the mantle of Solomon Eagle had descended on him (because it is expressly stated that that gentleman had no clothes), nor did he carry on his head a flaming brazier, but in other respects he played the part of his famous prototype very creditably. When the Dean's verger called him, pitifully, "My poor man," and begged him not to disturb the congregation, he replied, "I am not poor; I am rich in spiritual gifts." Before the Lord Mayor, who seemed greatly scandalized at "the City" being found fault with by anybody, and especially by a nobody like the present offender, he stuck to it that he had a mission to declare its destruction. "But you have no right, sir," said his lordship, "to arrogate to yourself such things as that. If you want to preach, you should hire a room, and put up placards." For this rather material and Lord-Mayorish notion of a spiritual mission, the unfortunate prophet had no means, even if he had the inclination; so he has gone to prison, and become a martyr, which was perhaps his object.

The terrible details of Professor Palmer's murder by the Arabs have brought into prominence the theory of asphyxiation during a rapid descent. It appears that the professor and his companions were given the choice of deaths, and that the former preferred to find it by a leap from a precipice. He was probably under the impression, which is the popular one, that suffocation ensues when one falls from a great height before one touches the ground. The matter depends, no doubt, upon the height from which one is precipitated; but according to *La Nature*, the French scientific periodical, this must be very great to cause asphyxiation. It points out that from the top of Notre Dame—the towers of which have been often the scene of suicide—the depth of fall being only 180 feet, the velocity acquired in the time (less than four seconds) is not so great as that attained on French railways, where neither engine-drivers nor stokers suffer from great speed, though passengers very often suffer from their not going half fast enough. The case is also cited of a man falling from the top of the Column of July on an awning, and escaping with only a few contusions. And Mr. Renny asserts that in the island of Oahu he was shown by the missionaries a man who had fallen from a verified height of 1000 feet, and not much the worse for it, having come upon a growth of ferns. Asked as to his sensations in mid-air, he said, "It was dazzling." Under these circumstances *La Nature* thinks it desirable, in the interests of intending suicides, that the idea of a person who falls from a great height being killed before he reaches the ground should be exploded.

Among the sufferers in a late railway accident was a professional aeronaut. He complains bitterly of the dangers of ordinary travel in this country, and has almost made up his mind never to enter a train again. A mail-coachman of the old time, finding his speedy "cattle" superseded by the iron horse, used to express himself in a similar manner. "When a haccident 'appens to a coach," he said, "why, there you are; but if anything goes wrong with a hengine, why, where are you?" He had, however, more logic on his side than our friend of the balloon, who reminds me rather of Hood's sailor, who was lost in astonishment how people could venture to stay on land in a gale of wind, "with tiles and chimney-pots a-flying."

I suppose the most ludicrous incidents in real life are always to be found in breach-of-promise cases. In one of these last week the plaintiff (plaintively enough) admits that she was "left-handed," but that her faithless swain had always known about it, and had therefore no excuse for breaking his engagement on that account. One can understand a left-handed marriage being deemed objectionable, but the fact of a young woman being left-handed would, one would have thought, have never been taken as a serious drawback by any wooer.

To my mind, the correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and the young lady in consumption at Wigan is very illustrative of his character, and also most creditable to him. She sent him a book-marker on his birthday, with "The Bible our Guide" worked in silk upon it, accompanied with a few words of farewell. He returns her flowers and grapes, and an autograph letter with this sentence in it: "May the guidance you are good enough to desire on my behalf avail you fully on every step of that journey in which, if I do not precede, I can not but shortly follow you." It is not only the good feeling but the courage of the man which one admires, since, poor human nature being what it is, I suppose he knows that half his own admirers will laugh at his "sentimental folly," and nine-tenths of his opponents will give it a harsher name.

If anything of what is done here below can touch vanished spirits, it must be the obituaries that are written of them—not by their enemies, for the principle of *de mortuis* is generally respected, but by their injudicious friends. In *Macmillan's Magazine* there is an article upon Trollope by Mr. Freeman, which is enough to make that honest, straightforward story-teller turn in his grave. Mr. Freeman seems to have known him only in his later years, but has treated him—as he treats history—in a rough dogmatic style which would have immensely annoyed him; but what would have absolutely disgusted him is his eulogist's folly in attempting to raise him above Dickens. Mr. Freeman calls "Dickens's characters" (as if he had created three, or perhaps four) "forced and unnatural caricatures." If a man can write like this of what lies under his nose, the idea naturally occurs to us, "How are we to believe him when he writes history?" where he can not have the same opportunity of judgment. Nothing that Mr. Freeman or any other second-class writer can affirm can push Charles Dickens from the pedestal on which he stands, yards high above all his contemporaries; but such insolent and foolish words do harm to the person it is the speaker's intention to honor, by provoking comparison. Anthony Trollope was a great novelist, but he is no more to be mated with Dickens than Mr. Freeman with Carlyle or Macaulay.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

As a weather sharp, Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, of Canada, is disappointing, not because his prognostications fail of fulfillment, for that is the fate of the forecasts of all weather prophets, but because he allows his equanimity to be disturbed by the result. He even seems to take it to heart that the prediction on which he said he would stake his reputation failed to be verified, and he is chargeable with an act so unprofessional as acknowledging that he made an error. He is credited, however, with saying, quite warmly, that the storm which he has predicted for March will be severe enough to set him right before the public, notwithstanding his recent failure. In this utterance he further betrays his weakness. An able weather prophet would have demanded that faith be put in his latest prognostication on the assumption that he had never yet fallen into an error. Evidently Dr. Wiggins is made of too common stuff; he is too much like other mortals to succeed as a weather sharp.

At the instance of the judiciary, the titled personages of Prussia are required to vindicate before or on the first day of April their right to the titles which they claim. It is believed that a good many of the "barons" will find themselves, on the last day of grace, in a mood which is supposed to prevail on that day above all others. One cause of the condition of things which led to this action of the judiciary is the fact that in many instances the second and younger sons, and even daughters, of baronial families have assumed the title when it legally belonged only to the father or eldest son.

Unusual evidence of the joyousness of the occasion is contained in a marriage announcement which appears in the *Mecklenburg Gazette*. The notice runs: "We have the honor to announce the marriage of our daughter Louise with Mr. Notemann, of Berlin-Schwerin, January 8, 1883. H. Maller and wife. She was the last of the half-dozen. The Lord be praised!"

The New York Free Circulating Library, of which Mr. Henry E. Pellew is president, and Miss Ellen B. Coe librarian, has purchased a building in Bond Street for its use, and is making the necessary alterations. The third annual report shows an increase in the number of persons availing themselves of the privileges of the library. Gifts of books and magazines from leading publishing houses and other friends are acknowledged.

Christian Work in New York is the title of a valuable pamphlet issued annually from the Bible House. Besides giving the annual report of the City Mission, it contains accurate information concerning all the churches of this city, such as the names of the ministers, the locations of the churches, and the hours of service.

A board of supervisors in California recently appropriated one hundred and fifty dollars for buying a wooden leg for a pauper, and charged the expenditure to "permanent repairs and improvements."

Vandalism at the Capitol in Washington this winter is said to have cost the statue of the Father of his Country a big toe, Roger Williams a little finger, and an Indian woman in the Columbus group all the fingers of her right hand.

A recent issue of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* describes the rooms which Mr. G. W. Childs, proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, has fitted up for his city editor and reporters at an outlay of some five thousand dollars. City-Editor McWade will make his assignments while sitting in a rocking-chair which is described as a wonder of ease and elegance, before a desk especially designed for him. His feet will rest on an Axminster carpet of beautiful design, and the light from without will be subdued by curtains of old-gold fabric suspended by brass rings from bars of beaten copper. He will be separated from his reporters by a partition of stained glass set in lead, the beauty of which is said to surpass everything of its kind that has been seen in Philadelphia before. The reporters will prepare their copy at walnut desks under costly brass chandeliers filled with both gas and electric burners. On the floor of walnut and ash are heavy Turkish rugs. The wall-paper of both rooms is rich and costly. The rooms are said to be the finest of their kind in the world.

The Boston *Advertiser* has celebrated recently its removal to a new six-story marble building by issuing a twenty-page paper containing a history of the *Advertiser* from its beginning, seventy years ago, with biographies of its former editors, and an article on journalism in Boston. The new building is provided with the most valuable modern appliances, including the electric light.

The Inspector of Buildings has been commendably active since the recent disastrous fire in Milwaukee. Not long ago he directed that fire-escapes be placed on the outer walls of the House for the Detention of Witnesses, which is in reality a prison. The windows opening upon the fire-escapes—which were promptly put in place—are heavily barred, and in case of fire it would be as impossible to get to the fire-escapes as it is to get to them when there is no fire. It is said that the inspector will order that openings be made through the grating at the windows, but if this be done the House of Detention will not detain. The dilemma is perplexing—the more so because many of the inmates of the house are there through no fault of sufficient gravity to make their detention justifiable if it deprives them of any of the facilities enjoyed by persons at large for escaping peril in the form of flames.

Instead of offering chromos, a new clerical journal of Rome, *Il Goffredo*, promises to each annual subscriber six hundred masses, to be celebrated by the priest of the subscriber's choosing.

Kwong Ki Chin, a learned Chinaman, has recently sailed from San Francisco for his native land to further the publication of books calculated to greatly facilitate the study of the English tongue in Chinese schools. He is the author of an English and Chinese dictionary, a dictionary of English phrases, and a manual of correspondence and social usage, besides other works of less importance. The manuscripts which he took with him filled three large boxes. He said before departing that he should have his books set up by Chinese printers, and should bring the papier-maché matrices back to this country, where the rest of the work is to be done. Kwong Ki Chin was a member of the Educational Commission sent to the United States some years since, but severed his connection with that body four years ago, on the death of one of his parents, a Chinese custom forbidding him to remain in the employ of the government during the period of mourning.

THE YOUNG MEN'S STUDY.

JACOB SLEEPER HALL.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

A FEW steps northeast from the State-house, in the direction of the City Hall, within the triangle formed by drawing connecting lines between the library buildings of the Boston Athenæum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, the Corporation of Boston University have found a remarkably central, quiet, and eligible site for the new hall which is to be the home of "The College of Liberal Arts." The building was dedicated some weeks ago with addresses by his Excellency Governor LONG, President ELIOT of Harvard University, General FRANCIS A. WALKER, President of the Institute of Technology, Rev. JOSEPH COOK, and others.

The Hon. JACOB SLEEPER, whose name the new hall bears, is one of the three founders of the University, the other two being the late ISAAC RICH, Esq., and the late Hon. LEE CLAFLIN, father of ex-Governor WILLIAM CLAFLIN. For twelve years Mr. SLEEPER was an overseer of Harvard University, and for two or three terms a member of the Executive Councils of Governors BANKS and ANDREW. He is Vice-President of the Corporation of Boston University, and has been from the beginning one of the most liberal, influential, and devoted members of the board, and a life-long friend of education.

The front of the building on Somerset Street is eighty feet. It is built of pressed and moulded brick and terra cotta. In appearance it is massive and substantial, with deeply recessed openings and bold projections. The style is a freely treated Renaissance. A part of the windows have the transom lights glazed with quarry glass, and other sashes are filled in with cathedral glass in delicate tints in small squares. The transom light over the front doorway is of quarry glass in quiet colors, forming the monograms B. U. and J. S. on either side of a central wreath of laurel. Passing the oaken entrance doors one sees two marble tablets, on which are directories for the guidance of visitors. Farther on are the offices of the Registrar and Treasurer, the tasteful study of the young men, and a University Chapel. A private entrance for lady students at the left of the front opens into a corridor extending the whole depth of the building to the ladies' gymnasium, dressing-room, parlor, and study. From the main entrance hall, which has a width of thirteen feet and a floor of marble tiling, rise the main stairways, one on either hand, leading to the upper stories, where are found a large lecture-hall, lecture-rooms, offices for the President, Deans, and professors. Perhaps the most attractive room of all is the spacious "Study for Young Ladies," a sketch of which is given herewith. A brick fire-place of generous width is built the whole height of the room, ornamented with moulded brick, inscribed terra-cotta panels, and Chelsea tiles. A niche above the fire-place contains a bust of Minerva. At either side of the chimney is a deep oaken settle. The ends of the room are semicircular in plan, and have wide divans of corresponding shape. It is intended to place in the centre of one of these semicircles a life-sized statue now being cut in Italy. The side of the room opposite to the fire-place has a carved oak book-case for the reference library, with desks and writing appliances, extending its whole length, while high above is a triplet window glazed with antique quarry-work, cut crystals, and opalescent glass. These windows make a beautiful bit of color set into the deep terra-cotta-colored walls. A polished hard-wood floor, Turkey rugs, and large leather-covered library tables complete the fittings of this room. The "Young Men's Study," on the first floor at the entrance, is also appropriate and attractive, having a good reference library, study tables, and other desirable conveniences. A separate and well-appointed gymnasium is also provided for the young men.

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THE YOUNG LADIES' STUDY.

THE ARMOR-PLATE TRIALS AT SPEZIA.

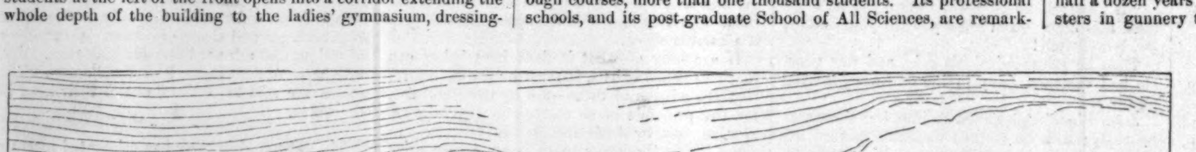
THE contest between guns and armor, which began more than twenty years ago, still continues. At first the advantage was on the side of the defense; for with the 68-pounder, the heaviest gun then afloat, even the iron skins of the early armored vessels were impenetrable. The call for heavier ordnance successively produced the huge American smooth-bores and the powerful rifled guns of ARMSTRONG, KRUPP, WHITWORTH, and others. With the attack then in the ascendant, the iron-founders re-enforced the targets with still stouter plates; but the gun-makers, rallying, by their device of chambering, their mammoth grain powder, their improved projectiles, and their hydraulic gear, again seized the lead. Meanwhile Italy, redeemed and renewing her youth under VICTOR EMANUEL, pressed again into the front rank of naval powers, as if the spirits of her dukes and doges had risen from a sleep of centuries to lead her on. With the audacious conception of her *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, her *Italia* and *Lepanto*, she surpassed all maritime powers alike in artillery and armor. It was natural that her trial ground should become the central arena of the struggle of cannon against cuirass, and the fortified shores of the noble bay of Spezia soon eclipsed the fame of Shoeburyness and Gâvre.

The recent November experiments at Spezia were undertaken by command of the Italian Minister of Marine. Their immediate scene was the Polygon of Muggiano, made famous by the trials of half a dozen years before. The attack was intrusted to those monsters in gunnery the 18-inch 100-ton muzzle-loaders of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. The three plates competing in the defense were SCHNEIDER & Co.'s, from Le Creusot, France, and CHARLES CAMMELL & Co.'s and JOHN BROWN & Co.'s, from Sheffield, England. The plates were each 11 feet long, 8¾ broad or high, and 19 inches thick, weighing about thirty-two tons, and were adequately backed by oak and by old metallic targets, to which they were bolted according to the systems of the respective competitors.

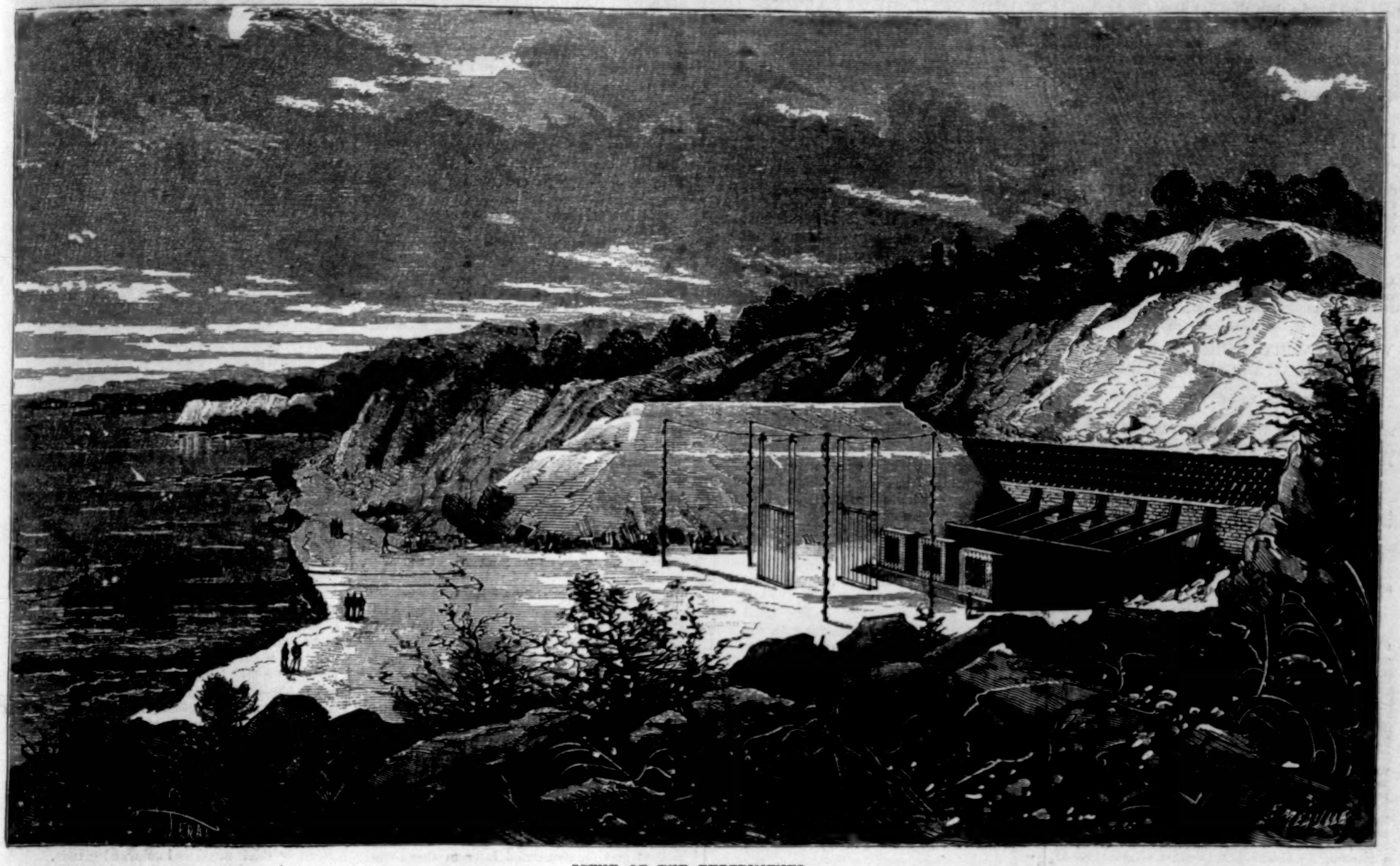
To announce at the outset the result of this great match for superiority, the triumph which the Creusot workshops won in 1876 was renewed in 1882. The immediate outcome of the former trials was the selection of the SCHNEIDER homogeneous all-steel plate for cuirassing the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, while a collateral result was the adoption by the English founders of compound plates composed of iron covered with a layer of steel in place of the all-iron plaque. SCHNEIDER, no less alert, perfected his own products, and saw them practically applied in the new *Formidable*, *Terrible*, and *Furieux* of the French navy, while the compound plates were adopted not only by the British Admiralty in their latest war ships, but were accepted by Italy for the *Italia*. But as Italy desired plates surpassing even the *Duilio's* in impenetrability, the old rivals were at length brought together in the new competition.

The gun was set at a distance of not quite 100 yards. The projectiles, made at the San Vito Arsenal from pig-iron furnished by the Gregorini Foundry, weighed each 2003 pounds. The powder was from the Fossano Mills, about two grains to the pound. According to the rules adopted for the test, the first shot at each plate was to be fired with a charge only sufficient to exactly perforate 19 inches of iron, and the firing was then to be continued with a charge such as would perforate a plate 24 inches thick. Computation ascertained the required charge to be in the first instance somewhat over 328 pounds, and afterward somewhat over 478.

At the first shot both the English plates were badly cracked; the projectiles broke off after penetrating 14 inches into the BROWN plate, and 6 into the CAMMELL. The cracks were not only numerous, but several extended all the way through. The BROWN plate kept on cracking after the shot had been fixed in it, thus indicating that its molecular structure had been deranged. The backing was also badly wrenched, and the frames and bolts broken. The SCHNEIDER plate, on the other hand, was absolutely without a crack. The projectile penetrated but 8 inches, when it broke off, and the wall of the target remained wholly intact in all its parts. The shots



BOSTON UNIVERSITY—JACOB SLEEPER HALL.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.



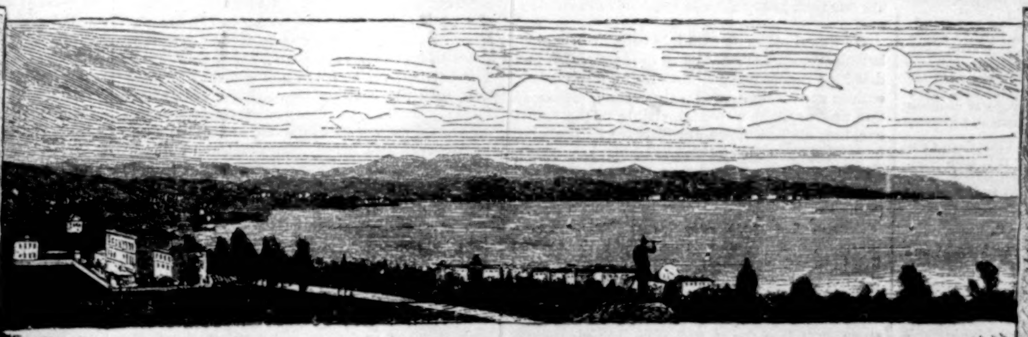
SCENE OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

had been directed at the lower corners of the respective plates. The second series of shots, delivered with a velocity of about 518 yards, instead of 408 as before, completed the ruin of the English plates. They were broken into fragments, which fell at the foot of the target. A piece of the BROWN plate remained clinging to the backing by a broken bolt, but the backing of the CAMMELL plate was stripped bare and much broken. The shot delivered against the SCHNEIDER plate had made a few insignificant cracks; the projectile only penetrated about 9 inches, or less than half the thickness, and had broken into many pieces, while the plate remained entire on the target, which was itself intact, and the bolts had not been stirred.

The English plates having disappeared, the Commission awarded the palm of superiority to the SCHNEIDER. But in order to subject the latter to a crucial test, it was resolved to attack the French plate at point-blank range with the hardest of known projectiles. Accordingly, with the high powder charges and great velocity already just used, two more shots were fired, one with the WHITWORTH compressed steel projectile, and the other with the GREGORINI cast steel. The former only entered 8 inches out of the 19, and was itself shortened 16 inches, bulging out in a spherical form; the latter broke off while still 6 inches short of perforating the plate, and its point was badly blunted. The trials, which extended through four days, and were witnessed by many foreign officers, including General YOUNGHUSBAND, Captain RICE, and Messrs. BARNABY and RANDELL, the British representatives, were a triumph for Le Creusot.

It is only fair to add that the English claim successes in a competitive trial at Cronstadt between a CAMMELL (WILSON'S compound) plate and a SCHNEIDER; both, however, of much less thick-

THE PROJECTILE BEFORE FIRING.



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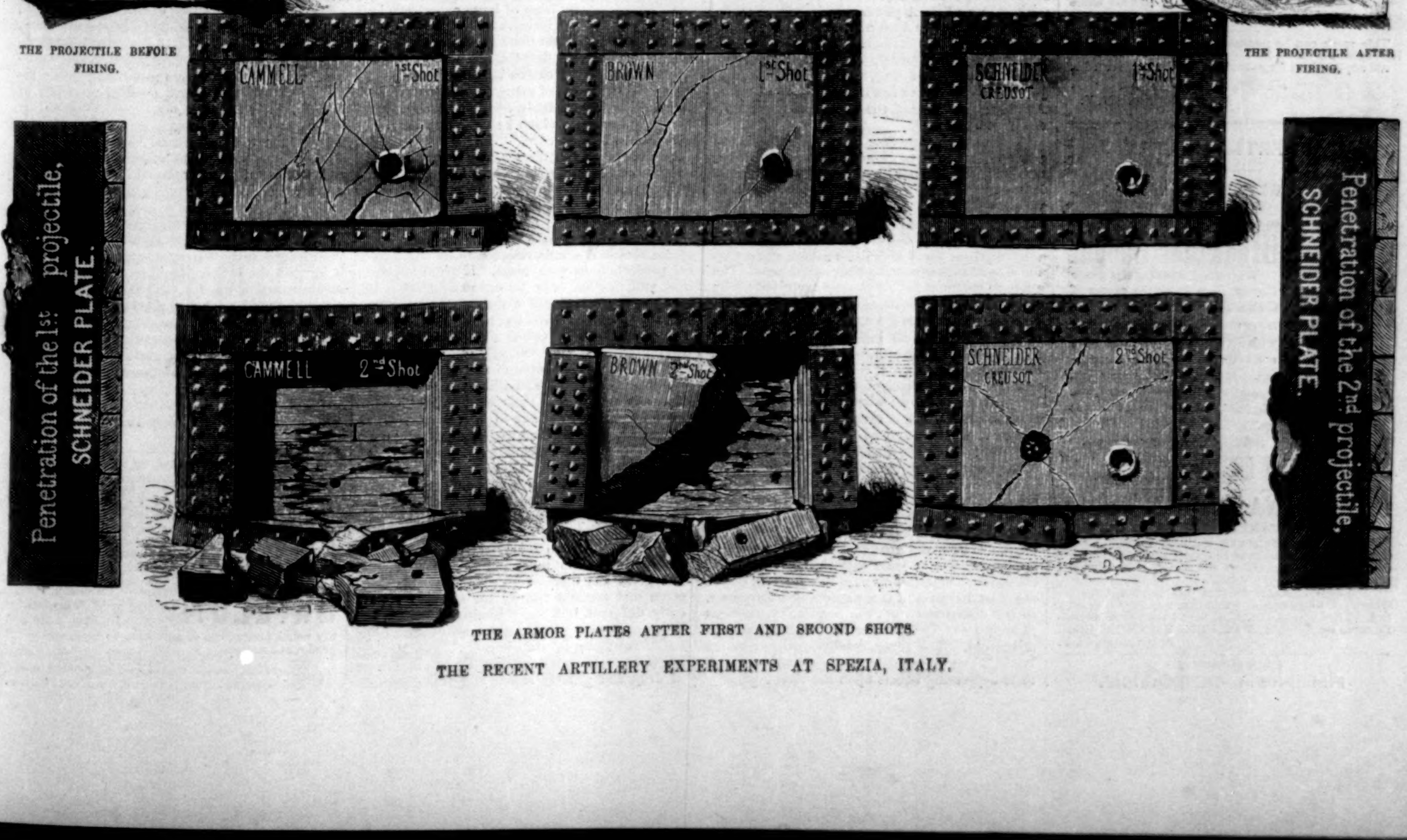

THE ARMOR PLATES AFTER FIRST AND SECOND SHOTS.

THE RECENT ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZIA, ITALY.

THE YOUNG MEN'S STUDY.

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THE contest between guns and armor, which began more than twenty years ago, still continues. At first the advantage was on the side of the defense; for with the 68-pounder, the heaviest gun then afloat, even the iron skins of the early armored vessels were impenetrable. The call for heavier ordnance successively produced the huge American smooth-bores and the powerful rifled guns of ARMSTRONG, KRUPP, WHITWORTH, and others. With the attack then in the ascendant, the iron-founders re-enforced the targets with still stouter plates; but the gun-makers, rallying, by their device of chambering, their mammoth grain powder, their improved projectiles, and their hydraulic gear, again seized the lead. Meanwhile Italy, redeemed and renewing her youth under VICTOR EMANUEL, pressed again into the front rank of naval powers, as if the spirits of her dukes and doges had risen from a sleep of centuries to lead her on. With the audacious conception of her *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, her *Italia* and *Lepanto*, she surpassed all maritime powers alike in artillery and armor. It was natural that her trial ground should become the central arena of the struggle of cannon against cuirass, and the fortified shores of the noble bay of Spezia soon eclipsed the fame of Shoeburyness and Gâvre.

THE YOUNG LADIES' STUDY.

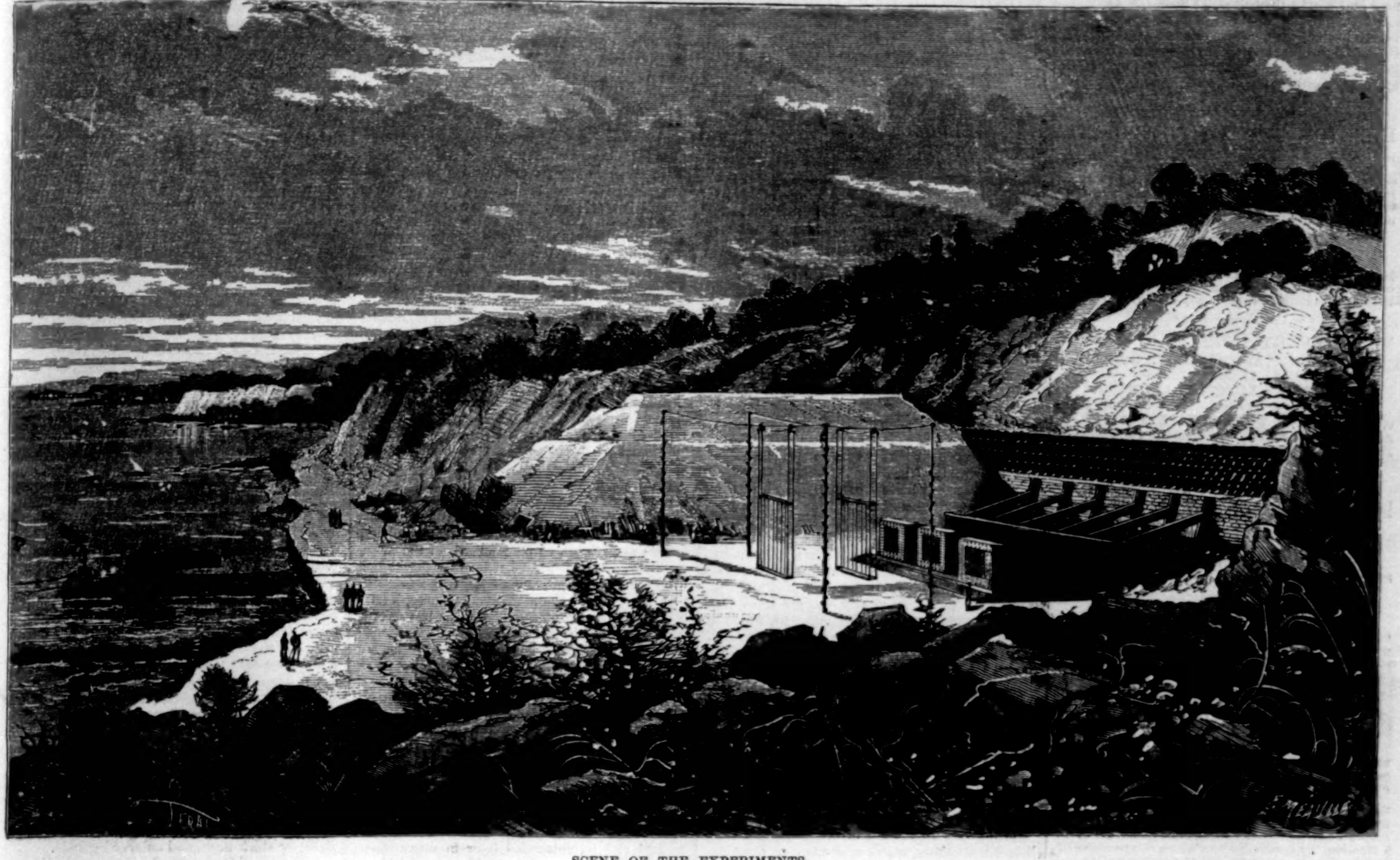
The recent November experiments at Spezia were undertaken by command of the Italian Minister of Marine. Their immediate scene was the Polygon of Muggiano, made famous by the trials of half a dozen years before. The attack was intrusted to those monsters in gunnery the 18-inch 100-ton muzzle-loaders of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. The three plates competing in the defense were SCHNEIDER & Co.'s, from Le Creusot, France, and CHARLES CAMMELL & Co.'s and JOHN BROWN & Co.'s, from Sheffield, England. The plates were each 11 feet long, 8¾ broad or high, and 19 inches thick, weighing about thirty-two tons, and were adequately backed by oak and by old metallic targets, to which they were bolted according to the systems of the respective competitors.

To announce at the outset the result of this great match for superiority, the triumph which the Creusot workshops won in 1876 was renewed in 1882. The immediate outcome of the former trials was the selection of the SCHNEIDER homogeneous all-steel plate for cuirassing the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, while a collateral result was the adoption by the English founders of compound plates composed of iron covered with a layer of steel in place of the all-iron plaque. SCHNEIDER, no less alert, perfected his own products, and saw them practically applied in the new *Formidable*, *Terrible*, and *Furieux* of the French navy, while the compound plates were adopted not only by the British Admiralty in their latest war ships, but were accepted by Italy for the *Italia*. But as Italy desired plates surpassing even the *Duilio's* in impenetrability, the old rivals were at length brought together in the new competition.

The gun was set at a distance of not quite 100 yards. The projectiles, made at the San Vito Arsenal from pig-iron furnished by the Gregorini Foundry, weighed each 2003 pounds. The powder was from the Fossano Mills, about two grains to the pound. According to the rules adopted for the test, the first shot at each plate was to be fired with a charge only sufficient to exactly perforate 19 inches of iron, and the firing was then to be continued with a charge such as would perforate a plate 24 inches thick. Computation ascertained the required charge to be in the first instance somewhat over 328 pounds, and afterward somewhat over 478.

At the first shot both the English plates were badly cracked; the projectiles broke off after penetrating 14 inches into the BROWN plate, and 6 into the CAMMELL. The cracks were not only numerous, but several extended all the way through. The BROWN plate kept on cracking after the shot had been fixed in it, thus indicating that its molecular structure had been deranged. The backing was also badly wrenched, and the frames and bolts broken. The SCHNEIDER plate, on the other hand, was absolutely without a crack. The projectile penetrated but 8 inches, when it broke off, and the wall of the target remained wholly intact in all its parts. The shots

BOSTON UNIVERSITY—JACOB SLEEPER HALL.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.

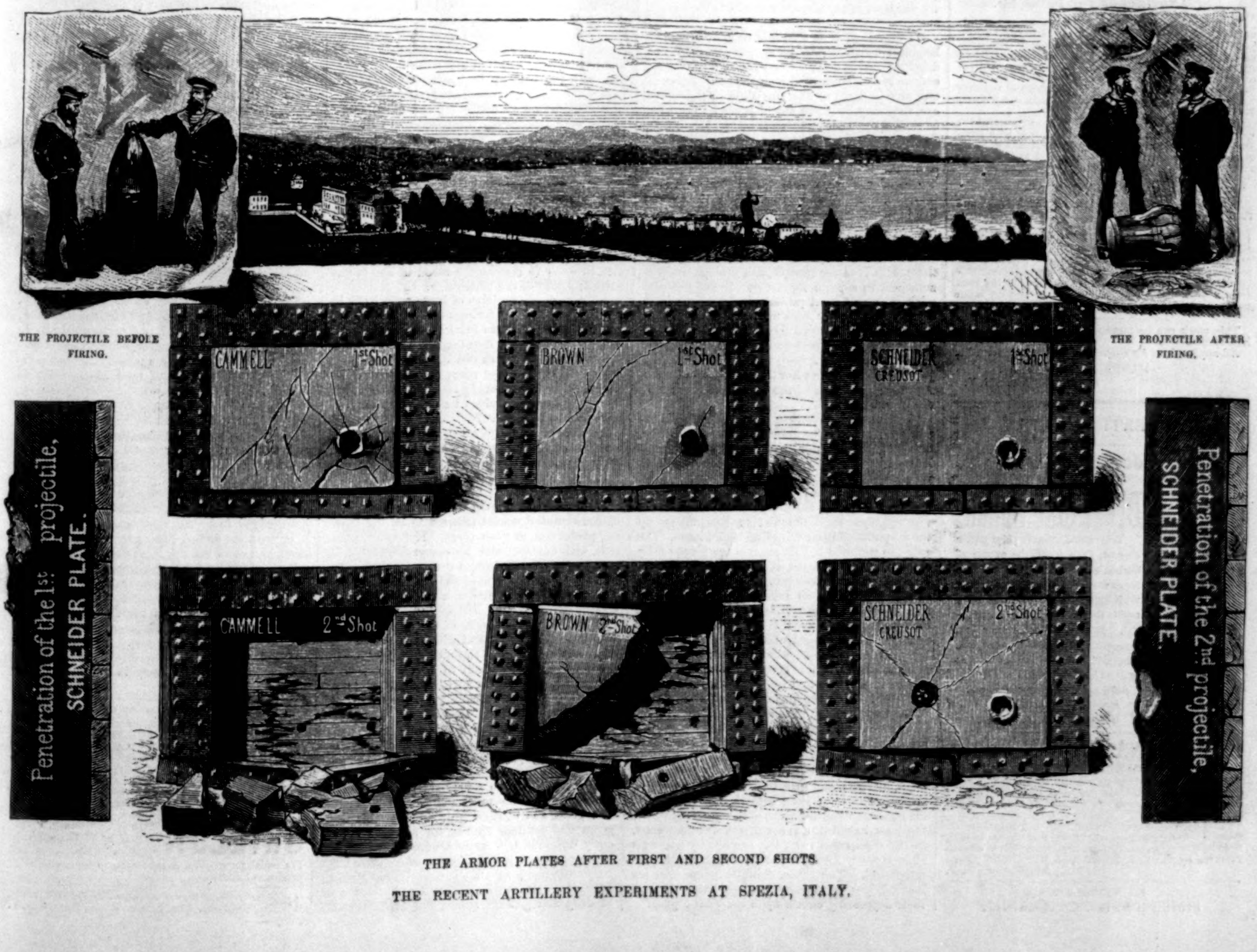


SCENE OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

had been directed at the lower corners of the respective plates. The second series of shots, delivered with a velocity of about 518 yards, instead of 408 as before, completed the ruin of the English plates. They were broken into fragments, which fell at the foot of the target. A piece of the BROWN plate remained clinging to the backing by a broken bolt, but the backing of the CAMMELL plate was stripped bare and much broken. The shot delivered against the SCHNEIDER plate had made a few insignificant cracks; the projectile only penetrated about 9 inches, or less than half the thickness, and had broken into many pieces, while the plate remained entire on the target, which was itself intact, and the bolts had not been stirred.

The English plates having disappeared, the Commission awarded the palm of superiority to the SCHNEIDER. But in order to subject the latter to a crucial test, it was resolved to attack the French plate at point-blank range with the hardest of known projectiles. Accordingly, with the high powder charges and great velocity already just used, two more shots were fired, one with the WHITWORTH compressed steel projectile, and the other with the GREGORINI cast steel. The former only entered 8 inches out of the 19, and was itself shortened 16 inches, bulging out in a spherical form; the latter broke off while still 6 inches short of perforating the plate, and its point was badly blunted. The trials, which extended through four days, and were witnessed by many foreign officers, including General YOUNGHUSBAND, Captain RICE, and Messrs. BARNABY and RANDELL, the British representatives, were a triumph for Le Creusot.

It is only fair to add that the English claim successes in a competitive trial at Cronstadt between a CAMMELL (WILSON'S compound) plate and a SCHNEIDER; both, however, of much less thick-



THE PROJECTILE BEFORE FIRING.

THE PROJECTILE AFTER FIRING.

THE ARMOR PLATES AFTER FIRST AND SECOND SHOTS.

THE RECENT ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZIA, ITALY.

ness and weight than those at Spezia. At Cronstadt the attack was by an 11-inch ABOUKOF breech-loader. It must also be stated that some of the English experts maintain that the SCHNEIDER victory at Spezia was due solely to a better system of bolting the plates to the target.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IMPARTS NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

DR. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says: "In the cases of several aged men, who complained of forgetfulness and disinclination to think, move, or be spoken to, or harassed in any way, they told me it imparted new life and vigor."—[*Adv.*]

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DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT.

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C. C. SHAYNE, Furrier, 103 Prince Street, N. Y., will send Fur Fashion Book free to any address.—[*Adv.*]

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M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S

CYCLOPÆDIA.

Having recently completed this great work, it gives us great pleasure to announce the same to all those who are in any way interested in Biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical studies.

The importance of this work to every student of the Sacred Scriptures, and of all branches of religious knowledge, is very apparent. The largeness of its scope, the accuracy of its statements, its fulness of information, the liberal spirit in which all questions of religious doctrine are treated, the absence of an unnecessary display of mere technical learning, commend it to the approval of readers in general, irrespective of their denominational views. To insure the completeness essential in a work so comprehensive, the scholarship of Europe and America has been laid under contribution. Every work, ancient and modern, which could throw light upon disputed points of geography, history, biography, or doctrine, has been carefully examined by competent men, who have culled from its pages whatever was necessary to further this design, and to carry out the purpose of the projectors—which was to make this Cyclopædia a repository of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature so complete and comprehensive that the possessor of it would enjoy all the fruits of ages of learned research in these branches of knowledge.

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This work has long since taken its place as a standard of theological and Biblical information. * * * There is no work in the English language which is at once so full and comprehensive as this one. Neither do we know its equal in any language. * * * For the minister and the general student it is an invaluable thesaurus, while for general use in any home there is nothing that could serve as a substitute.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

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From the Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

It is truly an *opus magnum* and an honor to American scholarship, industry, and enterprise. The whole work is a theological reference library of inestimable value, and is not likely to be superseded for the next twenty years. * * * I authorize you to add my name to the list of scholars who recommend the work.

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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PETROLINA COLD CREAM.

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Reliable, meritorious preparations, which never become rancid, nor irritate the most sensitive cuticle; unsurpassed as emollients for rough skin, chapped hands, face, and lips; remove tan, freckles, sunburn, or pimples; effectually counteract the injurious effects of French pastes, cosmetics, and grease paints. Sold by druggists and dealers in toilet articles. Manufactured by BINGHAMTON OIL REFINING CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S
RHENISH COLOGNE.

WONDERFUL REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

DISCOVERY OF THE MOST DEADLY ENEMY OF MANKIND. THE BACILLUS AND ITS RAVAGES.

The scientific world has been greatly startled and agitated of late by the discovery with the microscope of the most dreadful enemy of mankind, in the form of myriads of little death-dealing parasites. The air we breathe and live in is charged with these deadly little growths in proportion as it is infected from various noxious sources. Having by recent experiments and research been shown to be the most fruitful cause of disease known, and the welfare and health of every individual depending so largely on the freedom from their destructive ravages, it is but natural that the reports of recent investigators in this field of scientific inquiry should be widely read, and that every phase of these astounding discoveries should be subject to universal discussion. At first received with some suspicion, they have at length been thoroughly proven, and are now receiving the unqualified endorsements of the leading scientific men throughout the world. But little else is talked of in the schools and clubs of science, and the medical and scientific journals are crowded with the testimony that is being added corroborative of the value of the marvellous discovery, which is pronounced the greatest advance in medical science of modern times.

To L. PASTEUR, the eminent French scientist, who by his learned investigations has saved to France so many millions of dollars, is probably due the honor of first pointing out the terrible power of these germs. In recognition of his great service the government has recently voted him from the public treasury $10,000, with which to continue his experiments. He has described several varieties of these parasites, some comparatively harmless, others extremely dangerous. One form he proved, by a series of vaccinations and other conclusive experiments, was the cause of death of many thousands of animals and herds of cattle; another, the active agent in the death of fowls by cholera. Acting upon the knowledge he had gained of the nature of these germs, he pointed out a means of relief that speedily prevented a spread of the diseases and ended their devastation.

TYNDALL, with the aid of other eminent English investigators, made a number of examinations of the floating particles in the atmosphere, and found numbers of living spores capable of producing disease. In dry and healthy localities but few germs were found, and these of the harmless varieties, while in low, damp places, crowded houses, and unhealthy cities, the poisonous germs were extremely numerous everywhere.

Dr. RUDOLPH KOCH, of Wallstein, Germany, a man whose work in connection with the organisms of contagious diseases has made him a recognized authority upon the subject, by experimenting after the methods of VILLEMIN, has discovered and published an account of one of the most dangerous varieties, to which it is proven more deaths are due than to any disease incident to the human race.

He describes it as a simple cellular organism belonging to the same order as the *bacteria*. When dried the germs may, without losing any vitality, endure great extremes of temperature. Being as fine and as light as dust, invisible to the naked eye, they may be blown any distance by the wind or carried upon the clothing or body. Like seeds, they may lie for months or years undisturbed upon the furniture, floor, carpets, curtains, walls, or in the bedding, and only requiring a proper degree of warmth, moisture, and food to waken into life, develop, and grow. They thrive and live in the blood, lymph, mucus, and secretions of the human body. When the system is unhealthy or weak they attack the cells that make up the animal frame. Any albuminous fluid will furnish them with food for growth, and a single drop is sufficient to contain hundreds. Examined with microscopes of great power, which enlarge them so that they can be seen and studied, they have the appearance of minute rod-like bodies, having, when active, some power of motion. They bend in the middle like a bow, and straighten with a jerk that sends them a few times their own length. At the temperature of the human body they are the most active.

Their power of increase or reproduction is remarkably great. One germ, in a few weeks' time, under favorable conditions, will give rise to millions. The process is by simple growth and division. Cold destroys or prevents their growth, and this is why refrigeration prevents decay of meats and other animal foods. Exposed to warmth, these small organisms attack and eat up the albuminous tissues, leaving a foul mass. The odors so common to this process are given off by these minute organisms, and is about the only indication of their presence. This is the warning of nature, and it is an instinct to avoid all such smells. The foul breath, bad odors of old sores, etc., leads man to avoid these germs in a great measure. The danger of their presence in the body can be imagined when their rapid increase is considered. A few germs may be readily absorbed into the system by breathing air containing them. They are thus drawn into the interior of the body through the long and narrow respiratory passages of the throat, chest, and nose, which are lined with soft membrane and covered with sticky mucus. In this fluid they find ready lodgment and favorable conditions for development, increase, and growth. The "cold" or catarrh, ozæna or chronic catarrh, hay fever, etc., are common manifestations of the effects of one of the least harmful of these germs or *microzymes*. In the discharges from the respiratory passages at such times thousands of the living animalculæ are found. The fever, debility, pains "in the bones," loss of appetite, etc., are indications of their depressing effects upon the vital organs.

It is from germs of slower development, however, that the greatest danger follows. To the one most fully described by KOCH is due more deaths than to any other known cause. According to the researches of CUTTER, FLINT, and DEJERINE, over eight million people die every year from this cause alone. The annual deaths in France, England, Germany, and Russia from their destruction was over one and a half millions. In the United States and Canada over three hundred thousand persons perished in the last year from the *bacillus* alone. The most common disease resulting from it is consumption of the lungs, but other organs of the body are liable to be affected, as they develop slowly but surely in any organ that may be in a weak or unhealthy state.

If active and healthy, the liver, kidneys, and bowels have to a wonderful extent the power of expelling these deadly animalculæ or parasites from the system. And this fact furnishes an important indication for the successful treatment of all the long list of maladies caused by these parasites, as will be hereafter shown.

The studies of LANCISCA, an eminent Italian, and WOOD, FORMAD, and others, are interesting, as showing the large variety of chronic diseases as heretofore classified that result from these germs. Among the most common were "liver complaint," biliousness or torpid liver, dyspepsia or indigestion, lung affections, bronchitis, kidney diseases, chronic diarrhœa, spinal complaint, fever-sores, white swellings, hip-joint disease, rheumatism, malarial diseases, such as fever and ague or intermittent fever, general and nervous debilities, female weaknesses, chronic catarrh of the head, or ozæna, many forms of unhealthy discharges from internal organs, and all the various scrofulous affections of the skin, glands, bones, joints, etc., including consumption, which is but scrofulous disease of the lungs.

In this large catalogue of apparently widely differing diseases, but really all depending upon a common cause, and therefore naturally to be successfully treated on the same general principles, examination of the blood and secretions revealed large numbers of these parasites, and, curiously enough, the number bore a direct relation to the severity of the disease, a comparatively small number being present in mild cases and a very large proportion in bad cases. Under the use of the specific treatment which they give, and which is substantially the same as that described and recommended later in this review, the number was seen to steadily diminish from day to day, until, with the restoration of health and bodily strength, they could not be found at all.

The greatest variety of symptoms were found to accompany their presence, due to peculiarities of the constitution, the part of the body most seriously affected, and the efforts of the different organs to rid the system of these germs. Among the most common were frequent headaches, neuralgic pains, nausea, constipation, poor or variable appetites, diarrhœa, bad breath, hectic fever, cough, night-sweats, cold extremities, dyspepsia, catarrh, sore throat, sore eyes, etc., while, where the skin was affected, salt-rheum, boils, carbuncles, scurf skin, erysipelas, St. Anthony's fire, and other symptoms were common, and all gradually but with certainty were cured by the same means. The hectic fever so often met with in consumption, with the hacking or tearing cough, night-sweats, diarrhœa, and other symptoms due to the efforts of nature to throw off and expel these germs, were also readily controlled and cured in the same way as were the old sores, abscesses and ulcers in the lungs, liver, and other important organs.

The corrosive acids and mineral poisons are found to possess the power of killing these germs, but the dangerous nature of such powerful agents prevents their internal use. For the purpose of expelling the germs when once within the system, it is necessary to resort to vegetable remedies, in order to cleanse the blood of the germs without injury to the patient.

An American physician of large experience in the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases, now conclusively shown to be caused by parasitic life, for many years devoted much time to the investigation of the causes of these affections, and in the treatment of many thousands of cases developed and thoroughly tested a combination of vegetable agents, which he used with marvellous success in their cure.

In cases of wasting disease, as consumption, or scrofula of the lungs, and other organs, and in all cases attended with great weakness, it was found to exert the most wonderful tonic and restorative influences; besides, its nutritive properties far surpass those of cod-liver oil or any of the remedial agents resorted to by the medical profession in such cases. Hypophosphites, iron, and quinine bear no comparison to it in building up the strength of the debilitated. The recipe as advised by him has been used for years with the greatest success in a vast and most successful practice.

The written experiences of the many sufferers who have been cured, and who express in terms of the highest praise their endorsement of its great value, are sufficient to fill volumes. Living witnesses are everywhere, monuments to modern genius and scientific progress in the healing art.

Sufferers from "liver complaint," giving rise to "bad blood," consumption, scrofula, and other affections and symptoms, the results of blood poisoning from the ravages of the deadly parasites or disease-germs so briefly referred to, find in this remedy prompt relief and a permanent cure. The great and increasing demand for this Godgiven and peerless remedy for so many apparently different, but really kindred, ailments, led to its preparation in pure and convenient form under the name of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It can be obtained the world over at drug and general stores, and full directions for its use will be found in the pamphlet that surrounds each bottle. It exerts the most wonderful stimulating and invigorating influence on the liver, that greatest gland of the human system, which has been not inaptly termed the "housekeeper of our health." Through the increased action of the liver and other emunctory organs of the system, all poisonous germs are rendered inactive and gradually expelled from the system with other impurities. In some cases, where there are unhealthy discharges, as from the nostrils in cases of either acute or chronic catarrh, the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a mild and healing antiseptic lotion, should be associated with the use of the Discovery. It is also advisable to use this lotion in other local manifestations of disease of mucous surfaces. By this means the germs of disease are destroyed and the membranes cleansed before any of the poisonous *bacilli* are absorbed into the blood. In sore throat, quinsy, or diphtheria, the Catarrh Remedy liquid should be used as a gargle, and the Golden Medical Discovery taken freely.

In women, where weakness of special organs is common and almost certain to be developed, attended by backache, bearing-down sensations and other local symptoms, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, in conjunction with that of the Discovery, speedily restores the healthy functions and assists in building up and invigorating the system.

In any case where the bowels have been costive and are not regulated and acted upon sufficiently by the mild laxative properties possessed by the Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little liver pills), taken in small doses of only one or two each day, will aid materially in establishing healthy action, and in expelling the disease-producing germs from the blood and system.

At the risk of repetition and by way of recapitulation, we may truthfully say that Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by disease-germs in the blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse this fountain of health by using Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution are established.

Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, induced by the deadly disease-germ, *bacillus*, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that, from its wonderful combination of germ-destroying, as well as tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, diuretic, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys, and lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, short breath, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. In the cure of bronchitis, severe coughs and consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. The nutritive properties possessed by cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those of the Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by wasting diseases.

The plan of treatment that we have so briefly outlined in this article for the large class of chronic diseases referred to has long been acknowledged to be the most successful, based as it is upon the belief, shared by the most skilful medical men of the day, that the only way to get rid of the noxious disease-producing germs in the blood and system is through the liver, kidneys, and bowels, and therefore that those agents which are known to act most efficiently in restoring healthy action of these organs are the ones most to be relied upon. For this purpose the Golden Medical Discovery is *pre-eminently* the agent that fulfils every indication of treatment required.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

WASHINGTON LIFE INS. CO.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Net assets, December 31, 1881		$5,826,712 19
Receipts during the year for premiums	$1,278,000 56	
For interest, rents, &c	351,969 17	
		1,629,969 73
		$7,456,681 92
Disbursements:		
Claims by death	$457,930 03	
Matured and discounted endowments	138,263 59	
Surrendered policies, cash dividends and return premiums	466,650 83	
Annuities	1,419 29	
Total paid policy-holders	$1,064,263 74	
Taxes	11,202 63	
Commuted Commissions	34,214 28	
Profit and loss	6,586 54	
Dividends to Stockholders	8,653 75	
Expenses, Rent, Commission, Salaries, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, &c	236,571 11	
		1,361,492 05
Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1882		$6,095,189 87

ASSETS.

U. S. and N. Y. city stocks	$1,294,921 30	
Bonds and mortgages, being first liens on Real Estate valued by the Insurance Department at $8,703,750	3,885,613 02	
Real Estate	487,499 70	
Cash on hand in banks and Trust Companies	322,483 64	
Loans on collaterals	65,117 36	
Agents' balances	39,554 85	
		6,095,189 87
Add excess of market value of stocks over cost		249,311 20
Market value real estate in excess of cost as per department valuation		27,045 66
Interest, accrued, and due and unpaid		41,825 35
Deferred and unpaid premiums less 20 per cent		160,647 92
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1882		$6,574,020 00

LIABILITIES.

Reserve by N. Y. Standard Company's valuation	$5,591,839 00	
Unsettled claims	44,566 57	
Premiums paid in advance	4,611 16	
Unpaid dividends to stockholders	271 25	
Unpaid expenses	2,540 00	
Surplus as regards policy-holders	930,192 02	
		6,574,020 00
Policies issued in 1882	2,828	
Policies issued in 1881	2,076	
Amount of insurance in 1882	$6,457,795	
Amount of insurance in 1881	4,681,460	
Total number of policies in force	13,395	
Total amount insured, with additions	29,374,019	

W. HAXTUN, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y.
CYRUS MUNN, Ass't Secretary.
E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.
I. C. PIERSON, Actuary.
B. W. McCREADY, M.D., Medical Examiner.
FOSTER & THOMSON, Attorneys.

To lessen losses by forfeiture, when premiums are due and unpaid, this Company voluntarily applies as premium, in all cases, the cash value of the dividends to the credit of each policy, to the continuance of such policy for days, months, or years, as the case may be; and during that time the insured may resume his payments without a re-examination.

This is a protection which no other Company affords.

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A *warm* iron passed over the back of these PAPERS TRANSFERS the Pattern to any fabric. Designs in Crewels, Embroidery, Braiding, and Initial Letters. New Book bound in cloth, showing all Briggs & Co.'s Patterns, including over 40 new designs, sent on receipt of seven 3-cent stamps. 104 Franklin St., N.Y. Retailed by the leading Zephyr-Wool Stores.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
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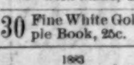

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